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The National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man.

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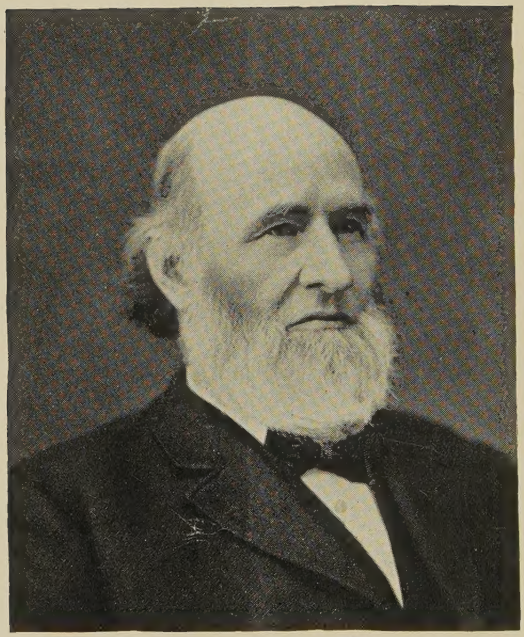

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"ALL THINGS ARE YOURS."

A SERMON BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND, ANN ARBOR, MICH.

"All things are yours."—1 COR. iii. 21.

The whole passage reads: "All things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."

This is a bold and startling declaration, made by anybody, to any conceivable class of persons, or at any conceivable time. How much more so when made to a little company of men and women unknown to the world, without social or political influence in the community in which they live, and possessed of very little of this world's goods! Yet it was to such a company of poor and obscure persons that Paul addressed his first letter to the Corinthian church, which contains these words.

Are the words mere extravagance, then? That would be a hardy thing to say, without very good evidence. Paul was too great a man, and from his preaching and labor too great and lasting results have come to the world, to allow us lightly to charge him with hasty or meaningless utterances. Of course, speaking literally, in the ordinary language which men use when referring to physical things, it cannot be said truthfully to any one, even to the greatest of kings or emperors or conquerors of nations, like Alexander or Charlemagne or Napoleon, that "all things are yours." What, then, does Paul mean?

In order to answer, we must inquire a little as to what possession or ownership really implies. Is ownership always the same thing? Is that which we are accustomed to call such always ownership in reality? Is it not at least possible that there is something of superficiality in much of the current talk of men about ownership, alike in modern America and in ancient Greece, and that Paul was wise enough to see this, and in what he said was simply striking down, through surface speech and surface thinking, to deeper facts and realities below? Let us see.

To begin with, it is noticeable that this utterance of Paul is not the only one we have from him conveying the thought that men may have wealth that is not in things; in other words, that they may own other possessions besides those to which they have a legal title. For example, in his Second Epistle to the Corinthians he speaks of himself and his fellow-laborers as "sorrowing, yet always rejoicing; poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things." It is possible, too, that Jesus hints something of the same kind in that sentence of the beatitudes which says, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth"; and also in that passage which so puzzles the commentators,—"Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in the present time," besides receiving in the world to come "life everlasting." It is incredible that Jesus meant to teach by these words that the legal possessions of those who suffered and gave up property for him should be restored and increased to them manyfold in this world. He must have been thinking of something deeper than that; of a kind of ownership other than the literal; of something—shall we not say?—in line with that other utterance of his,—"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and

where thieves do not break through and steal."

But it is not alone in the Bible that we get intimations of riches more tangible than the mutations of external fortune. We find such intimations in our daily experiences. Nay, we find them built into our very forms of speech. We are all the while calling a thousand things ours which we do not own in any legal way. Yet we feel them to be, and they are, among our truest possessions. For example, I say "my friend." What do I mean by that "my"? I do not have any legal ownership of that friend. And yet I feel that I have a right in some true and real sense to call him *mine*. And my possession in him is very precious. I say "my wife," "my child." But I do not own these in any such sense as I own property. I am not at liberty to sell them or destroy them. Yet in a sense even more deep than that of mere legal possession they are mine. I say "my country"; and, if I have any patriotism in my soul, the words thrill me. I feel that the country in which I have always lived, which I have always loved, is mine in a sense very deep and very sacred, even though I may not have legal ownership to a single rod of its surface. If you want to know what it means to say "*my* country,"—what possessions you have, deeper and more inalienable than legal titles, in her every valley and hill,—nay, in everything that pertains to her,—go and travel in a foreign land. Then you shall understand. Or, if still you do not know, then read Edward Everett Hale's little book written at the time of our Civil War, "A Man Without a Country," and see how unutterably poor is a man who amidst all the lands of earth can say of none, "It is mine."

But, with reference to this matter of wealth other than that of a legal kind, perhaps our best teachers are our poets, as they are our best teachers in so many other things. Their eyes, better than most, are able to penetrate down below appearances to realities, and to see that man's life is more than meat and drink.

Here are some lines from our Unitarian poet-preacher, Rev. John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn, N.Y.:—

This is the law of beauty,
  That, if we but serve her well,
All things are ours henceforward,
  In earth and heaven and hell,—
All things of the brown old planet,
  All of the deep blue sky,
All that the ear can hearken,
  All that can fill the eye.

And, if we are rich with their riches,
  The world may give or withhold;
For He who is God of beauty
  Her secret to us has told.

Is there no meaning in this? Is it a mere poet's fancy?

Here is a song from Lucy Larcom, one of the best of our woman poets:—

I do not own an inch of land,
  But all I see is mine,—
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
  The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax-collectors are.
  They bring me tithes divine,—
With scents and subtle essences,
  A tribute rare and fine;
And, more magnificent than all,
  My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity,
  A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
  Great fleets and argosies:
I have a share in every ship
  Won by the inland breeze
To loiter on yon airy road
  Above the apple-trees.
I freight them with my untold dreams,
  Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
  Than India ever knew,—
My ships that sail into the East
  Across that outlet blue.

Here sit I, as a little child:
  The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase.
  Now the vast temple floor,
And blinding glory of the dome,
  I bow my head before.
The universe, O God, is home,
  In height or depth, to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
  Content I am to be,
Glad, when is open to my need,
  Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

Tell me, is there no truth in this? ye children of a King! ye who live all your lives in your Father's house of many mansions prepared for you, and yet know it not! ye who sigh and weep and drudge, and look down instead of up, in a Paradise world more fair than Eden, more glorious than the New Jerusalem that John saw in his Patmos vision!

Among the hymns that we often sing to-

gether as a congregation is one entitled "Heirship." It runs:—

Heir of all the ages, I,—
Heir of all that they have wrought;
All their store of emprise high,
All their wealth of precious thought.

Heir of all that they have earned
By their passion and their tears;
Heir of all that they have learned
Through their weary toiling years.

Is this true? Am I the heir of the past? Do the long centuries that are gone offer me thus all their riches of thought and achievement? There is only one answer. All these are laid at my feet, to be mine if I will have them.

No, friends, if any of us are living lives of poverty, the difficulty does not lie in the fact that wealth is not offered us. The difficulty is in ourselves,—in want of eyes to see and ears to hear and souls to appreciate and appropriate the wealth that is at our hand.

And now we begin to get some intimation of what it was Paul meant when he wrote to his poor, struggling Corinthian brethren, who had so little of this world's goods, "All things are yours."

We begin to see that there is more than one kind of wealth. We begin to see that persons whom the world with its superficial judgments calls poor may be very rich, and that those whom it calls rich may be miserably poor.

A very little careful study shows us that ownership is of two kinds.

The lowest is that which we get by legal title. Yet I do not say that it is not important. It is important. The experience of the race shows that the right of property possession is an essential to civilization. Where that right is best guarded, society rises to its best. Man in all his history on the planet has never come into possession of anything of more value than the home. But the home is based on property ownership. Where the husband and wife can say of some chosen spot, This is ours, and nobody else in the world has a right here without our consent, there the first condition necessary for the creation of the true home is fulfilled. The stable nations, the nations where law and order have ever found their sturdiest defenders, have ever been the nations made up of homestead owners. The dangers threatening this country will have seriously augmented if the day ever comes when the proportion of its citizens owning their own homes shall have greatly decreased.

And yet, important and essential as is legal ownership, it is entirely possible to let it crowd out of sight another kind of owner ship which is even more important; namely, that which comes from knowledge, sympathy, love, appreciation, enjoyment.

Of these two kinds of ownership, of course it is easy to see that that which stands uppermost in the public mind is the legal. Speak of ownership to a hundred men, and ninety-nine will not only suppose you to mean the legal, but will scarcely be able to understand you if you refer to any other. And yet legal ownership is the more limited, the more superficial, the less under control, and far the less enduring of the two.

Notice how much more limited it is. There are only a few things that we can have legal ownership of. Of the things that enter as essentials into your life and mine, how few do we buy or sell! Do we own the sunshine, which gives life to the world? Do we own the air, without which we could not exist? Do we own the clouds or the rains that water the earth, or the great oceans which are the primary reservoirs from which all clouds, snows, and rains come? Do we own the seasons that come and go in their time? Do we own the day or the night? Do we own the moon and stars that give the night its beauty, the splendor of sunsets, the freshness of dewy mornings, the songs of birds, the endless variety and charm of nature? Do we own human society or the great world of human thought, without which our lives would be a barren desert? Do we, with any mere legal ownership, own poetry, or art, or music, or religion? We may own a Bible; but is that religion? We may own a book of noble poems, or a grand piano, or a fine picture; but, if that is all, have we any part or lot in the world's splendid wealth of poetry or music or art? Mere money and law papers give no ownership of this wealth. To inherit this kingdom, we must be born again, not of gold or silver or warranty deeds, but of the spirit, which is love, knowledge, desire, appreciation,—a soul alive to music, to art, to poetry, to religion.

In another way, legal ownership contrasts unfavorably with the ownership that is of the mind and character. Since it is external, it is liable at almost any time to be lost. I may have possession of immense properties to-day, but to-morrow may bring unexpected reverses of fortune, and sweep everything out of my hands. Not so with the deeper ownership of the soul. What has been made mine by knowledge, by love, and by appreciation, is mine for ever: no changes of fortune can rob me of it. It has become a part of myself.

Still another thing, too, should be said of legal ownership. We need to be constantly on our guard respecting it, or else it will narrow us, contract our lives, make us mean and selfish. It need not do this, but to multitudes it does; and hence to them becomes a curse. The way it does it is this. Before we came to have property which we called our own in the restricted legal sense, our eyes were open to the larger heritage which we have in all things. Our minds were not distracted so but that we enjoyed all nature, all beautiful things, whatever was lovely, no matter who owned it. But, as soon as we got a piece of property that was ours in a special, legal way, our eyes were turned to that, our affection was centred on that, the larger world vanished away; and this little farm, or lot, or whatever it was, became virtually our world.

Says the author of that charming little book, "A Tour round my Garden": "Property is a contract by which you renounce everything that is not contained within four walls. When I had nothing of my own, I had forests and meadows, and the sea, and the sky with all its stars. Since I purchased this old house and this garden, I have no longer anything but this house and this garden . . . You are poor. The sea is yours with its solemn noises, the grand voices of its winds, the aspects of its imposing rage, and its still more imposing calm. It is yours: it is likewise others'. At some future period, when by dint of labor, mental exertion, perhaps business, you shall have become more or less rich, you will have a little marble basin constructed in your garden, or at least you will be eager to buy and keep in your house a vase containing a couple of goldfishes." But what now of the sea? It will be gone. It will have contracted to this marble basin or this glass vase.

Alas! this is a picture of what too often happens. Generous and unselfish and dwelling in a large world, so long as we have only that ownership of love and appreciation which we share with all others who love and appreciate, the moment we get something as our exclusive own we are so likely to grow selfish, and let our whole world of enjoyment narrow to that poor bit of legal property! What can prevent such a catastrophe? Only one thing, resolutely to keep the open eye, the wide vision, and especially the unselfish heart; resolutely to think of all property held by us as being what it really is, simply a trust,—a trust of which we are simply for the time being the stewards.

I have spoken of the deeper ownership as that which is gained by knowledge, by love, by appreciation, by enjoyment. Let us see a little more clearly how this is.

I went into a great museum. An ignorant rich man, who understood nothing of its wealth, except what he was told, held the title-deed. A scientist of extraordinary knowledge, who knew concerning nearly everything in it, and whose loving labor of a lifetime had made it what it was, had it in charge. To which of the two belonged the museum, in the truer sense of the word?

I saw a splendid picture, painted by a great master. A millionaire who knew nothing about art, and cared nothing except to buy with his gold what would make the world talk about him, purchased the picture, and put it into his private gallery, but never went near it except to show it to some rich friend as ignorant as himself. But the gallery was in charge of an artist who appreciated and loved the picture, and to whom it was a perpetual delight and inspiration. Which of the two, in the deeper sense, owned the picture?

How is it that we make books and writers our own, by purchasing volumes and placing them on our shelves, or by studying the authors, and filling our minds with what they have written? Who really possesses Shakespeare's works,—he who owns the rarest and most costly editions, or he who has the great dramas in his mind and soul?

How is it that we make the flowers and plants and birds—the flora and the fauna

of a region—our own,—by buying up real estate, or by long-continued and loving study?

Henry Thoreau had no legal ownership of Walden woods or Walden pond. But he knew and loved every tree and shrub and flower and bird of the one, and every stone on the beach and every changing light and shadow on the mirrored surface of the other. Did that knowledge and that love give him no proprietorship? The world will always think of both pond and woods as a hundred times more Thoreau's than the men's who had legal title to them. And will it not be right?

Any of you who have visited England, and have made a tour to the famous Lake Region of Cumberland and Westmoreland, have found there a singularly picturesque stretch of valleys and lakes, hills and mountains, popularly called "Wordsworth's Country." Why is it so called? Because Wordsworth held title-deeds to it? On the contrary, its title-deeds were held by a score or hundred obscure men whose names we have never heard mentioned, and Wordsworth held legal claim to only a modest hillside home. But everywhere the great poet had stamped himself upon the region by the fidelity with which he had studied it, under all skies, in all seasons,—every rugged peak, every mountain tarn, every secret nook of every valley, every variety of flower and shrub, every effect of sun and shadow on lake and mountain side, all the highways and byways and secret mountain paths, all the homes in the villages and cottages in the far-off, lonely wilds, every dweller in all the region from oldest grandsire to prattling child, all the history and folk-lore and old tales of the region,—and had woven them all as warp or woof into the cloth of gold of his poetry. Why, then, should not this region be called Wordsworth's Country? Who owned it if not he? And who had a better right to bequeath it to posterity connected with his name?

If from England you continued your journey up into Scotland, you found regions there connected similarly with the two greatest names of Scotland, and known as "Robert Burns's Country" and "Walter Scott's Country." And what could be more fitting than these names?

From these varied illustrations we see the difference between the two kinds of ownership. The lesson we learn is that much of our talk about poverty and riches is very shallow and foolish. Many who are thought to own most own least; and many who are thought to possess little have great wealth.

For what is wealth? Health is wealth. Hope is wealth. Courage is wealth. Knowledge is wealth. The open eye is wealth. The alert mind is wealth. Love and faith are wealth. Whatever broadens, ennobles, or enriches life is wealth. Says Carlyle, "The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, and which he is loved and blessed by."

A millionaire rolls by in his carriage, without joy, without hope, without faith, without eyes to see, tired to death from chasing about over the earth trying to find some place in which his selfish soul can be happy, and, as the result of it all, seriously questioning whether life is worth living. A poor man goes by on foot, on his way home from his daily labor. He has a strong arm, a brave heart, a clear head, a free mind, a wife and children whom he loves; a future before him to which he looks forward with hope; a religious faith which assures him that over him and all whom he holds dear there is a providence of eternal good. Which is the richer man?

Do any of us, then, ask the question how we can obtain the largest possessions in this world? The answer depends upon what kind of possessions we seek. We can get the most of legal possessions, undoubtedly, by living definitely for these, by turning all our powers into money-making and money-saving powers,—by making Mammon our god, and serving him day and night. But, if we recognize other possessions as even more valuable than the legal, the way to enrich ourselves with the largest amount of these is to cultivate our minds, and store them with knowledge, so that all nature shall be to us an open book; to become acquainted with the great past and its noble life, so as to feel that this is all ours; to mingle heartily and sympathetically in society around us, so as to learn to recognize our fellow-men as our brothers, and their interests as our own; to open our hearts unselfishly to love, to appreciation, to the willing and glad service of every

cause of good that appears to us. Thus, whether our bank accounts are large or small, and whether the deeds and mortgages in our strong boxes are many or few or none, we shall have riches that will enlarge and ennoble our lives, which will gladden all our days, which will bless all with whom we have to do, which cannot be taken from us by thief or cheating fellow-man or business disaster, or even by death itself, but which we shall carry with us to be our permanent and eternal wealth in whatever future the good God may have for us beyond this world.

Oh, the lives of us all would be simply inexpressibly rich if we would appropriate even half the wealth God offers us! Writes quaint and devout George Herbert:—

"For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and waters flow.
O mighty love! man is one world, and hath
Another to befriend him."

What we need is the open vision, the appreciative mind, the thankful heart. Without these there is no joy for us in this world; and, what is even more serious, there cannot be in any other to which God can ever take us.

The unappreciative mind complains of the sun, that there are spots on his surface, instead of seeing with joy his glowing face of kindly fire that fills the whole world with light and life. The unappreciative mind complains of the rose that it is not a lily, and of the lily that it is not a rose; of the spring that it is not the summer, and of the summer that it is not the autumn; of the noon that it is not cool and fresh like the morning or the evening; and of the starlit night that it is not bright like the noon. With an impoverished mind and heart, the legal ownership of the whole earth would still leave you poor. With mind and heart endowed with knowledge, love, and thankfulness, the loss of all worldly possessions would still leave you rich.

"In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has, in their aid,—
Love that not ever seems to tire,—
Such rich provision made."

Thus it is that the mind creates and the mind destroys, the mind makes rich and the mind makes poor, the mind transforms the earth we tread into hells or heavens.

"All things are yours," says Paul. Yes, all things are yours and mine, if we will have them. In the lower and poorer sense of wealth, which is of the flesh and the earth only, we cannot all be rich; but in the higher sense, which is of the soul and of heaven, there is not one of us but may be rich with a wealth that is measureless, infinite in value, and lasting as God.

So, then, this is the word I would leave with you all to-day. Enter into your great heritage. Do not delay. Do not play with life's high prizes. Claim the wealth that of right belongs to you. Consent not for a moment to live a life of poverty, when God means you to be rich. The world is your Father's house. Open your eyes. Throw wide all the windows of your soul. Reach up for the highest. Live as becomes a child of God, and an heir of all best things in earth and heaven.

THE LATE EX-GOV. ROBINSON OF KANSAS.

Hon. Charles Robinson of Lawrence, Kan., the first governor of that State, and perhaps the most distinguished historic character that the State has thus far produced, died on the 17th of August. There was a time in the early days of Kansas when hardly any name in the land was better known than that of Gov. Robinson. And during the whole history of that Commonwealth, he has been a conspicuous and honored leader in nearly every movement looking to the advancement of the State. His death is an event of much wider than State importance.

We give below the address (abridged) delivered at his funeral by Rev. C. G. Howland of the Lawrence Unitarian church, with which Gov. Robinson had been for many years associated; also an article upon Gov. Robinson written by Dr. Edward Everett Hale for the Boston *Commonwealth*.

MR. HOWLAND'S ADDRESS.

One by one the pioneers of our beautiful Commonwealth pass away. We are about to

carry to his last resting-place the best known citizen of Kansas, an upright and benevolent man, remarkable for his independence and fearlessness. A useful and conspicuous life has come to an end, and the people of this great State unite to-day with his neighbors in mourning the death of Gov. Robinson. It is perhaps on account of his prominence in the Territorial history of Kansas that he will be longest remembered. He came here, as many others did, to see that Kansas was made a free State. The struggle in which he bore so great a part was not uncongenial. He took pleasure in it, because he felt that he was right. His sympathies and his judgment were on the side of justice. During that period of storm and stress Gov. Robinson did not fall in with the prevailing temper, but counselled moderation, and pursued a course that to many seemed timid. There is no doubt about the wisdom of his advice and action, but we should expect from a man of his strong convictions and aggressive nature far less scrupulous and prudent measures. It cannot be said of any man that he saved Kansas; but there are many here before me who witnessed the conflict from first to last, and took an honorable part in it, who will say that Gov. Robinson did more than any one else to save the State from the wickedness of slavery.

But this is not his only claim to our gratitude, nor is it the only question in which the State at large has an interest. Our university is a State institution to which young men and women come from every part of Kansas and receive that intellectual training and discipline which are needed for the highest duties of life. I do not think any citizen of our State has had a more intelligent interest in the welfare of the university, or has aided it so largely by his gifts. The present chancellor once told me of the warm welcome that he and his colleague received from Gov. Robinson when they came to Lawrence. Both were young, and constituted for some time the entire faculty; but they had such help and sympathy from Gov. Robinson that they never lost courage. Both are still in the university with which they have been so long connected, and I am sure they would bear willing testimony to the paternal interest with which Gov. Robinson watched the growth of what is now a great institution. Let the youth of our State, and especially the citizens of Lawrence, bear in mind this noble and enduring service.

Gov. Robinson loved his country and State, but no political party was exactly satisfactory to him; and I think his allegiance was somewhat divided among them. The same is true of his religious beliefs.

He had many of the qualities which command respect,— courage, energy, integrity. We like these in our fellow-men. They make the good and prosperous citizen. Whatever success Gov. Robinson achieved was won openly and fairly. He disguised nothing. He was not an adroit man: he had too much candor for that, and his candor was injurious to his political ambition. He was not always prudent in the expression of opinions. He knew nothing of prudence in such a sense as this, and his friends often regretted his frankness. I never knew a man more thoroughly independent, nor one more ready to advocate the cause of the few. He had observed that justice is so frequently on the side of the weak and helpless that he sometimes seems to have identified it with the minority. He never shunned controversy. He loved it, but it was not altogether from this spirit that he took the unpopular side until it became almost a habit. It was weakness that aroused his sympathy. He loved the combat, but he pitied the foe he had conquered.

Gov. Robinson had his prejudices. Some of them were vigorous and even contemptuous. They belong to his type of character and the circumstances of his stormy career. No one would say that he was perfect. He knew that himself better than any one could tell him; but, as those who knew him well look to-day upon those features, striking, although pale and motionless, they will silently say, "A gentle husband, a kindly and generous neighbor, an upright citizen, a heroic and faithful servant of the people." Courage, fidelity, kindness, have always been admired among men; and, when we measure men, we must do it by an all-around rule, and not by a special one. We must do it by a large standard. We must take them in the aggregate, in the sum of their qualities.

We give back to the earth to-day our most eminent citizen. Forty years ago he

began his work in Kansas. It is ended now, except as it survives in institutions, and continues in the spirit and affection of the people. What a choice inheritance our friend leaves behind him! What a great thing a good name is! Dear to men, and we have a right to believe just as dear also to God; for we cannot conceive that the divine way of estimating human character is at all different from our own. We judge of higher beings by what we know is highest and greatest in ourselves.

Much of Gov. Robinson's life was tempestuous, but the close was as gentle as the fading light of day. With a tender but speechless touch of a dear hand, and without the slightest concern, he went out to meet what the "future hath of marvel or surprise." What these may be has never been revealed to any son of man or son of God, for they all "see through a glass darkly"; but it has been the fond and firm hope of a vast majority of the wisest and noblest men that this life is only the childhood of the soul, while the real greatness and glory are yet to be! "It doth not yet appear"; but we comfort ourselves with faith in the universe and in the infinite God, the centre and soul of all.

DR. HALE'S ARTICLE.

The death of Gov. Charles Robinson of Kansas recalls the memory of the time, forty years ago, when the history of this country pivoted on him; and the pivot did not give way.

When Eli Thayer made the organization of the Emigrant Aid Company in 1854, everything had to be done promptly, where a mistake meant ruin. With a capital stock of only $30,000, the company began its attack on what was virtually one body of Southern slave-holders determined that the new Territory should be a slave Territory. In selecting the first agent to visit the Territory and to report to the newly formed company, Mr. Thayer chose Charles Robinson. He was then a physician in Fitchburg, Mass., having been an early settler in California, and having, once, at least, passed across the continent by land. He was therefore the only man in the early counsels of the Emigrant Aid Company who had so much as seen the country which was at stake. Early in 1854, he made a visit to the Territory as their agent, and brought back his first report. Acting upon that report, thirty or forty men were at once sent out, who founded the city of Lawrence at a point indicated by him on the Kaw or Kansas River. Soon after he joined this colony with a larger party, and, from that moment until he was triumphantly elected governor of the State of Kansas under its constitution he was the recognized leader of the hard-pressed and hard-fighting free State men of the Territory.

In this position he showed discretion, courage, and decision, such as surprised his friends and enemies. He never delivered battle except for a purpose. On the other hand, he never shrank from an encounter. The officers sent out by that poor creature, Franklin Pierce, and by the more shrewd Buchanan, were in no way able to meet his diplomatic skill. On the other hand, he retained the confidence of the free State settlers, so that they obeyed, even under the sorest peril, when he declined battle with the forces of the United States.

Under the banner of "Squatter Sovereignty," to which Senator Douglas had given the name, the real settlers had made what was known as "The Topeka Constitution," and had almost unanimously chosen Dr. Robinson governor. He was inaugurated under this constitution on the 4th of March, 1856. But early in April Major Buford's army of Southerners arrived in Kansas. The United States marshal took them in pay, invaded the town of Lawrence, burned the property of the Emigrant Aid Company there, and Mr. Robinson's house. From this time a civil war went on in the Territory between the settlers proper on the free side and the Missourians, who could be marched in on raids on the other.

These border men and their allies from the South were willing enough to fight. But men who owned slaves were not willing to risk them in such a Territory. Thus the real settlers were inevitably on the anti-slavery side. The federal government, however, gave its countenance to the Missouri clans, being indeed directed wholly by the Southern interest. A grand jury, summoned by the Territorial governor, indicted Robinson, Lane, and Reeder for high treason. Lane and Reeder escaped, but Robinson was kept in prison for four months. It

was while he was in prison that his house was burned.

The governors sent West by President Buchanan to repress the settlers, inevitably, by a curious law, took the side of the people of the State after they arrived. When Gov. Gray arrived at Lecompton, the pro-slavery capital, he released Robinson on bail. Gray reported to the President that peace was re-established, and at once the "Topeka Constitution" and its legislature re-appeared. From this time—January, 1857—Kansas was virtually without a government, excepting that local government to which the American of New England ancestry is born. But the people gained in every encounter; and our Northern Doughfaces in Congress did not dare continue forever in a policy which disfranchised them. How, indeed, could you have a slave State in a region where nobody dared carry any slaves? At an election conducted under some forms of law, what was known as the Lecompton Constitution was rejected by ten thousand majority. A new constitution prohibiting slavery was made and ratified by four thousand majority. Under this constitution Gov. Robinson was again elected; and he was therefore, by either of his elections, the first governor of the State of Kansas.

This was in the winter of 1859. So soon as the Civil War came on, the young men who had been in arms for freedom were not averse to using the training they had acquired. Naturally, the population of Kansas was largely made up of young men and of brave men. And thus Kansas had the honor, in the War of the Rebellion, of furnishing the largest proportional contingent of any free State to the Army of the Nation, although she was the youngest State in the union, and although her birth had been so perilous.

In all the duties of forming a new State, Gov. Robinson showed the courage and decision and energy which from the beginning had endeared him to the people. Independent in everything, he has since differed from many of them in political or partisan divisions. But the sentiment of regard and respect which showed itself at his funeral was an index of which his friends may well be proud, as marking the close of the career of the Founder of a State.

EDWARD E. HALE.

*GLIMPSES OF EUROPE.**

LONDON.

London is a great city,—the most wonderful on the face of the earth. Last evening we took a 'bus ride from the Langham to Charing Cross, and thence by the underground to the Mansion House. There we looked round us in the moonlight, and reflected that within a quarter of a mile of where we stood was centred the commercial and financial power which ruled the world. I love England. It is easy sometimes for petty jealousies to rise between America and England, and so make us lose sight of the greatest truths. Call it English greed, if you will; but the fact remains that, wherever England goes over the face of the earth, it is to carry a higher civilization and a nobler hope for the human race.

No city is so well worth studying as this. If anything exists in all the world, a good specimen of it can be found here. If anything is known anywhere here can be found one to tell about it. It is the world in epitome.

Three of our party of five were "good," and went to church this morning. We generously promised to absorb and bring home enough goodness to save the other two, vicariously, if possible. I said we went to church. No, in England we must not forget that it was chapel, and not church. We went to Bedford Chapel to hear Rev. Stopford Brooke. I confess that, with the exception of the responses, I did not like the service. I am not up to the enjoyment of prayers given in a sing-song chant; and I would like a little of the "wrath" and all of the "curses" of the Old Testament left out of a liberal service. But the sermon was every way fine. Mr. Brooke was at his best; and his best is something very fine indeed. His subject was Hagar,—apparently one of a series of occasional discourses on the Old Testament. His attitude and his critical insight were unexceptionable. Out of the old-time legend he drew lovely and comforting and inspiring lessons of gospel or good news. One sentence, taken in its connection, was so delicately beautiful that I think I shall never forget it. Speaking of the writer's thought of the divine power, as

* From Mr. Savage's Letters in the Boston *Commonwealth*.

expressed in his treatment of Hagar, the Egyptian slave, he said, "And he who made the story must *have loved God well.*"

I noticed in the audience Rev. Theo. C. Williams, his brother-in-law, Rev. M. St. C. Wright, and Rev. Stopford W. Brooke. She has become so well known in Boston that it seemed homelike to look upon the radiant face of Mrs. Chant. She appears to thrive on much public speaking, for I never saw her looking in better health.

Early in August Mr. Brooke goes to his loved Italian lakes. When I told him of our proposed route, "Oh, go to the lakes!" he cried. "A day of the lakes is worth a week of the Rhine! The Rhine is dull!" I agreed with him; and yet—as is often true in such cases—I am going my own way, nevertheless.

HOLLAND AND THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

As we boarded the boat at Dover *en route* for the Continent, and felt the fresh wind on our faces, and saw the waves dancing beyond the pier, I felt my pity stir for the poor people who, on such occasions, "generally go below." So we naturally fell to thinking and talking of the long-proposed tunnel under the English Channel. Perfectly feasible, the one thing that stands in the way is the fear of the people on either side that, some day, it may be too easy to get across in case of war. If, however, these facilities could be multiplied and war made thus more difficult, it would be all the better for humanity. But the fear is absurd, even though war were desirable; for it would not seem very hard to defend such a tunnel or to render it impassable at either end. So, when the Panama Canal is completed, perhaps some enterprising engineer will earn the eternal gratitude of those who now

> "Stand shivering on the brink,
> And fear to launch away."

I am told that there are many every year who would go, but who only look and long and wait, through dread of this most unstable barrier.

From Calais we went straight to Brussels. Here we stayed at the Belle Vue in the Upper Town, next door to the palace of the king. He must have been very busy; for he did not call on us, nor even send in his card. Though what the King of Belgium finds to do is a wonder. If I were going into "the king business," as the late A. Ward used to say, I think I would like his place. He must have as "soft a snap" as, according to the popular impression, is the lot of the city minister of a large parish. Two Irishmen were one day working on the highway, when, leaning on their shovels for a bit of a rest, one of them said to the other, "Pat, phwat wud yez like to be if yez cud have yer wish?" "Well," he replied, "fer a nate, clane, aisy sort of a job, I think I should like to be a bishop." It is somewhat in this way that I feel concerning the "job" of the King of Belgium. He is not big enough to fight anybody; and, if any other king undertook to fight him, none of the rest would let him. So he is as safe as the one small boy in a crowd of big ones. And yet he is a king, and may wear a crown as big as any of them.

The Palace of Justice in Brussels is a grand structure, standing in the highest part of the city, fronting on a spacious open square, and dominating by its majesty the whole country round. It is as magnificent as the principles it stands for. I will say in my humility that I may be betraying my ignorance in saying so, but it seems to me one of the finest buildings of its kind that I have ever seen. At Antwerp the Universal Exposition is only a very badly faded copy of Chicago, drawn on a greatly reduced scale. Although it was a fairly pleasant day when we were there, the attendance was so small that it looked like a good place for one to go to who wished to meditate undisturbed by the distracting noises of the world. And yet, judged by itself and not as contrasted with Chicago, it deserves success, which, it is hoped, it may attain before the summer is over. But, whatever may be true of the Exposition, Antwerp is always an attraction in itself, and for the sake of the old cathedral which contains the famous pictures by Rubens.

We have been staying now two or three days at the Hague. This lovely city, the capital of Holland, with the neighboring beach of Scheveningen, is in many ways the most interesting place in the Netherlands. From here we have made excursions to Delft, to Leyden, and to Amsterdam. But, in such sketchy letters as these, all attempts at elaborate description must be given up.

Every one knows that here is the great picture of Rembrandt, "The Dissecting Lesson." Wondrous in its power of portraiture and in the grouping of its figures, the subject is, to me, so very unpleasant that many far inferior works of art give me much greater pleasure. But the "Evening School" at Amstersdam, and especially his "Night Watch," are wonderful in every way. The latter seems to me as great as any work of art I have ever seen. Raphael's Madonna has, of course, another kind, and perhaps a more spiritual kind, of power. But the hand that painted the "Night Watch" possessed a cunning unsurpassed in the history of art. I suppose Paul Potter's "Bull" will continue to hold its position of pre-eminence, perhaps because of its size and striking effectiveness; but I cannot help thinking that Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" is far ahead of it in drawing, in grouping, and in life. I must not permit myself to say even a word of Douw, of Wouverman, of Jan Steen, the Dickens of painters.

This morning (it is now Sunday) we have been breathing an air peculiarly inspiring to New Englanders. We have just returned from Leyden, which is not more than seventeen minutes distant by train. Here we wandered about until we found St. Peter's Church, in which the body of John Robinson was buried. Just across the street is a house which was built in 1683. On its wall is the following inscription: "On this spot lived, taught, and died John Robinson. 1611–1625." On the wall of the church itself is a bronze tablet large enough so that its lettering is distinctly visible from the street. It contains at the top a bas-relief of the Pilgrim ship, and under it the words, "The Mayflower, 1620." Then follow :—

In Memory of
JOHN ROBINSON, M.A.

Pastor of the English Church, worshipping over against this spot, A.D. 1609–1625. Whence, at his prompting, went forth the Pilgrim Fathers to settle New England, 1620. Buried under this house of worship, 4th of March, 1625, ætat 49 years.

In Memoria Æterna Erit Justus.

Erected by the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States of America, A.D. 1891.

Brave, prophetic John Robinson! How much more light *has* broken forth out of God's Holy Word! And how much grander has become our thought of the range of "God's Holy Word" than ever the Pilgrim preacher himself had dreamed! Some of us Unitarians are glad to believe that we are peculiarly entitled to be proud of him who was himself the pioneer of liberty. Unlike the Puritans, the Pilgrims were never persecutors. And since the cabin of the "Mayflower" saw the drawing up of the compact which was the seed of New England freedom, one feels, as he breathes the air of John Robinson's home, that he is specially near the birth of what is best in our American life.

I think this must be counted as a most remarkable letter,—dated in Holland, and yet, so far, not a word about either canals or windmills, which, every one knows, are everywhere the most characteristic features of the country. This virtuous reticence, however, is only a matter of prudence. These things fascinate me so that, if I once started floating on a canal with the lazy fanning of the windmills in sight, I should not wish to stop. I should drift away into the Lotus-eater's land, where it is always afternoon, and where afternoon day-dreams would be in order.

THE RHINE.

A day on the Rhine! Who is vain and foolish enough to try to describe it? It was a perfect day, cloudless and warm. Some of the party found it a little too warm. Not I, however. I have always had the conviction that I was intended for the tropics, but got misplaced in some way, and so was born in Maine. I rarely find a day when the cry, "Is this hot enough for you?" fails to thrill me with pleasure. So it was a perfect day. Toward night there was distant and most beautiful lightning, and, on landing, a playful shower chased us to our hotel at Mainz.

A day on the Rhine! What shall I say about it? Soon after leaving Bonn, the dark hills began to rise on either bank. But it is only from Coblenz to Mainz that the full glory of the river is seen. It is clay-color in appearance, and its current is so swift that the down trip is some three or four hours quicker than our ascent. The scenery is fine; and yet it is what one does not see which contributes its chief beauty.

After all, it is men and women which chiefly interest us. We note, indeed, the German industry which terraces the hills to their summits, utilizes every square yard of earth amid the rock, and covers all the banks with vines. But it is castle and ruin; it is the vision of old robber barons and love-lorn maidens; it is the cries and shouts of battle; it is the warlike echoes of "The Watch on the Rhine" or the pathetic refrain of "Fair Bingen"; it is legend and story, revenge and hate and love and deathless fealty,—it is these which give its undying interest to the swift river. America has grander rivers, as rivers. Some parts of the Hudson are much superior. Even the Kennebec and Penobscot have points of greater natural beauty; while the Columbia is far ahead, not only of the Rhine, but of any other river I have ever seen. Some day, perhaps, they may have a human and romantic interest that shall match it; though we will hope that the bloody and barbaric memories may be spared. But the people of the present age will still love to visit and dream in the Old World, and live for a time in romantic scenes which cannot attach themselves to any new country.

Our next stopping-place was Heidelberg. I was glad to refresh memories of this lovely place which are now fourteen years old. In 1880 I drove up to the castle. This time we went up on a railway, some two years old, which is worked by water power. Everybody knows that what is left of Heidelberg Castle is the largest and most beautiful ruin in Europe. For description, see guide books and the letters of writers braver and less modest than I. But, after you have read them all, you will know little about it till you have seen it. And then you will not wonder that nobody has accomplished the impossible task of telling you about it. From the tower of the castle one may see that the town is one of the most beautifully situated in the world. The lovely Neckar runs through it, crossed by its two fine bridges. One of these is modern; while the other is very old, and it is still guarded by its towered gateway, which suggests times when undesirable visitors might be too anxious to come over for anything but a friendly call.

The university, as unambitious as Bonn in its buildings, is one of the oldest and most famous in all Europe. It still has from one thousand to twelve hundred students. We were greatly interested in the university prison, where recalcitrant students are wont to be detained. "The handwriting on the wall" is not of quite so gloomy a character as one may see in the Tower of London. It is rather suggestive of the illustrations which I have been laughing over in the *Humoristische Blätter*. Every available and reachable space of plaster is covered with grotesque and saucy sketches and sayings and songs. So we came away with no great depression of heart from these not over-gloomy dungeons.

I was glad to be able to visit the fencing-rooms where the students practise their anything but gentle sword-play. Hundreds of wire masks, and swords, and gloves which reach to the elbow, and padded jackets are here. Fortunately, three students happened to be present. They not only welcomed us, but consented to let us see how it is done. One acted as master, while the other two showed us the play. It is rough enough, but no great harm is done here. But the student faces on the streets, crossed by livid welts, and some of them still caked with blood, tell the barbaric story of the still popular duels which are not quite so harmless. It is to be hoped that the day will some time come, both in Heidelberg and Harvard, when young men will learn that brutality and brilliancy are not identical, and that barbarism is not essential to manliness.

One other thing in Heidelberg I cannot pass by. Is there another case in the world like it? Here is a church—the Church of the Holy Ghost—which is jointly owned by Catholics and Protestants. I wondered at first if it was the dawn of the millennium, but soon discovered that a thick and impassable wall, reaching from foundation to roof, divided the brother (?) Christians, and, on looking the matter up, discovered that on several occasions in the past fraternal warfare and strategy, of a bitterness and sharpness not entirely celestial, had been indulged in, to the end that one or the other party might be as houseless and homeless as was he whom both factions claim as Master. So the old world wags on, and the millennium will not startle us by any sudden arrival.

Of one quaint attachment to the old church I must make brief mention. Nestled lovingly against its side, and covered by a lean-to roof, was a poor little shop. The kindly old man who kept it had for sale a cheap assortment of such cheap things as the poorest might buy and use. Here were wooden shoes and articles of clothing to be purchased for a few pfennigs. Here were hand-made rakes and hand-made clothes-pins, looking as if whittled out with a jack-knife. I could not help thinking that here, in this homely business, might be more of the religion of him who was manger-born, more of the presence of the real Holy Ghost, than among the quarrelsome Christians who preached and droned their masses inside, while each cursed the other half of the common building.

M. J. Savage.

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*DRUMMOND'S "ASCENT OF MAN."**

We need not hesitate to pronounce this an epoch-making book. It is written with all the felicity of style of its author's previous works, and a strength of statement and earnestness of conviction growing deeper as befits the momentous importance of its inspiring aim and idea.

Without detracting from the honor due Darwin for his great discoveries, the volume before us shows the fragmentary incompleteness of the Darwinian theory of evolution.

The savage's conception of Nature, "red in tooth and claw" in the fierce strife for "the survival of the fittest," fades away; and the process of Nature, as more fully understood, is marked by divine beneficence.

In his "Origin of Species" Darwin made the struggle for life "the clew to the course of living Nature." This struggle is granted, "but that it is the sole or even the main agent in the process of evolution must be denied. There is, in point of fact, a *second* factor which one might call a struggle for the life of others, which plays an equally prominent part." This second factor, "which has all but escaped the notice of the evolutionists, arises, like the first, out of those universal functions of all living things, plant or animal, reproduction and nutrition. The first is the basis of the Struggle for Life, the second of the Struggle for the Life of Others. They run their parallel course, or spiral and ever intertwining, from the very dawn of life in the protoplasm. They affect the entire round; they determine the whole morphology of living things; in a sense, they are life. Yet, in constructing the theory of evolution, one of these has been taken, the other left."

This second and unrecognized factor is illustrated in various ways, and in glowing language, especially in a description of the instructive care and self-sacrifice of animals for their young, and in the culmination of this tenderness and self-forgetfulness in the love and care of the human mother for her child,—the sacredness of maternity.

Prof. Drummond's view of what is needed, and must come, is frankly given, as follows: "The first step in the reconstruction of sociology will be either to escape the shadow of Darwinism or to complement the Darwinian formula of the Struggle for Life by a second factor (the Struggle for the Life of Others), which shall turn its darkness into light. . . . The one-sided induction has led sociology into a wilderness of empiricism, and only a complete induction can reinstate it among the sciences."

With the coming of Man, struggling not only for himself, but for others, self-justice and altruism in due balance, "the working of evolution has changed its course. Once it was a physical universe, now it is a psychical universe. . . . The first chapter or two of the story of evolution may be headed the Struggle for Life; but, take the book as a whole, it is not a tale of battle. It is a Love-story. . . . At the farthest limit of time, in protoplasm itself, we saw start forth the two great currents which, by their action and reaction, as selfishness and unselfishness, were to supply, in ever-accentuating clearness, the conditions of the moral life. All this is the revelation of a purpose of benevolence, and a God whose name is Love."

These passages, gathered from the pages of this book, give such idea of its aim and scope as should lead to its thoughtful reading, and to a realization of its momentous importance and far-reaching influence.

The beauty of its style, the power of its thought, the clearness of its statements, its

* The Ascent of Man (Lowell Lectures). By Henry Drummond. New York: James Pott & Co.

scientific accuracy and depth of enthusiasm, are rarely equalled.

Others have doubted the perfectness of the Darwinian theory of evolution. Years ago, in an eloquent and able book, "Is Darwin Right?" William Denton showed the imperfection of ignoring the spiritual side,—the design of a ruling mind. But now comes this larger work, with wider scope, rich and strong, conquering and to conquer, gratefully accepting the work of Darwin, yet pointing out its incompleteness, and chasing away the grim spectres and clearing up the perplexing mists along the path of the great scientist and his disciples.

To all who believe in the free progress of religious ideas, and in the unity of all truth, scientific or religious, "The Ascent of Man" is especially commended.

In due time, in the growing light of psychical research, it is to be hoped that the author of this great work may write a volume to show how man's life on earth is prophetic of his immortality, thus giving still greater perfectness to the theory of evolution, and to our views of the destiny and infinite relations of man. Only incidental allusions to this great matter could find place in this volume, but they are like radiant flashes of pure white light.

G. B. Stebbins.

Detroit, Mich.

A FRENCH PREACHER.

There has appeared in England, from the press of Kegan Paul & Co., a translation of the Lenten lectures given this year at the Madeleine in Paris by Père Didon, the eloquent Dominican preacher. His "Life of Christ," already published, has awakened much attention.

M. Didon seems to be of the same order of man as Lacordaire and Lamennais, combining a deep and luminous piety with fresh, original thought, electrified with the fire of the orator; and thus it is that he not only draws to his audience the fashion and rank of Paris, but also men of scientific and literary distinction who make it their boast that they believe in no God. We should judge from the reports that we have seen of these lectures in the *Christian World* that M. Didon, in making his appeal to his hearers to have faith in the Eternal God of Righteousness, does not attempt any careful course of reasoning; neither does he resort to Scripture texts or the tradition of his Church to support his arguments. He throws himself upon the hearts and consciences of men. Out of the depths of his own living experience he reaches them. He is alive with the reality of his own convictions, and cannot fail, for the time at least, to impart his own warmth to his listeners.

An enthusiastic correspondent says, "It is difficult to give a proper idea of the varied effect of these discourses, in which we have by turns childlike naïveté, quaintest asides, delicate railleries, lifelike descriptions of men and manners, mingled with soaring contemplations, which carry us into the realm of the unseen and the Eternal."

We give an extract of what M. Didon says about Christ. We shall notice that this is not the conventional Christ, as he appears in the Roman Catholic church,—the great sufferer on the crucifix shown daily to thousands of kneeling worshippers, and whose last seven utterances on the cross are made every year the theme of the most melodramatic and impassioned utterances during Holy Week, exciting an emotional people to sobs and tears. There is none of this, but a calm and convincing claim before educated men and women, as well as the gay world, of the transcendent greatness and beauty of Jesus Christ. We quote:—

I do not like to bring myself forward,—it is always a delicate thing,—but I do it now for your instruction. The study of history and constant reading of the gospel have allowed me to bring myself in contact with Christ. I have called upon him as one can call upon one who has long since passed away from earth, but who yet remains engraved ineffaceably on the pages where every candid mind can find him; and I bear you witness that I saw arise before me a human being whom none can resist. He has inspired me with absolute confidence,—a confidence which will lead me, following him, through fire and water. His moral beauty is dazzling, and his whole teaching instinct with the highest truth. His holiness shines forth in the least of his actions. A virtue goes out from him. He exercises a magic from which no sincere and simple heart can escape.

Didon shows also that he is free from any blind subservience to the Prayer Book of the Church, which is supposed to give a humble

Catholic all he desires without any reference to the fountain-head of all those Christian traditions, the Old and New Testaments of the Jewish and Greek scriptures, which have been withheld from the people, and opened only to priests and theologians. So he makes a plea for the gospel which would have led Luther to fall on his neck with joy and gratitude. He says: "You ask me how to believe. I shall not bring forward proofs: I shall point out the means as I know them, simply as experience has taught me to know them." We quote again: —

Before all things take the Eternal Gospel as a book for your bedside and as your travelling book. When you are tired of the business of the day or the fatigues of life, read and reread it, not as a poet, not as a critical scholar, nor as a learned professor, not as an interpreter or a historian: read it as a man. There is something grander than imagination, than science, than mind or genius,—were it the mind of the whole world and the greatest genius,—there is something which I put above all; and you will agree with me: this something with which you must read the Gospel is conscience.

These utterances might come from any liberal Episcopal or Congregational leader of to-day; and it only proves that, as these men have great latitude to preach their larger gospel in all their pulpits (although the old creeds may still stand), provided they are reverent in manner and spirit, so the Roman Catholic preacher, while he loves the rites and traditions of his Church, is also carried along by the free spirit of the age, and, although the old formulas may forever remain untouched, the Roman Church, especially in France and this country, will be carried along insensibly in the march for freedom and piety united. Such men were always found in the Church,—Boethius, Erasmus, Grotius, and the great scientific leaders; but they were few in number, and the age was too dark for them. But to-day the windows of heaven are opened, and we have great hope for the old Church, the mother of us all. It seems a pity that just at this period, when the pope, through his emissaries, is showing some elasticity with regard to his flock in connection with the institutions of this country, there should spring up an organization like the A. P. A., bitterly opposed to the Roman Catholics, and uttering incendiary speeches all over the country. The feeling of the speakers about our public schools is undoubtedly sincere and in a measure commendable; but their bigoted spirit is likely to defeat their best purposes, by arousing an equally intemperate spirit on the part of the extreme and narrow Catholics, and preventing the better educated and more liberal Romanists from using their influence for progress in their Church.

But we are wandering from our theme, the personality and the preaching of Père Didon. See what he says about human nature, and man's craving for the highest. It does not sound very much like a belief in total depravity or the Thirty-nine Articles, all of which had their origin in the Roman Church. We quote: —

I look first at man, investigate his nature, and inquire into his aspirations. I ask what is the desire of man. Man in the depths of his nature is irresistibly moving toward the Infinite, as I have already said in this pulpit. Man never stops. The truth he contemplates is limited, the love which enkindles him is limited, the perfection he attains is limited. But he ever seeks for more perfection, more love, and more truth. Man is ever pressing against the limits which confine him. This is his character and his privilege. He is constantly going forward, insatiable, panting, and athirst. This is his glory, and by this he is the ever-growing king of creation.

What he says about Jesus has a very unorthodox sound,—nothing in regard to three persons in one God, or substitution on the merits of Christ, or the atoning blood,—as follows: —

Nor should we be astonished that the declaration of Jesus, revealing in his person the highest union of the divine and human natures, finds an echo in man's conscience. On that day man felt that he could see, hear, and attain to God, and that his deepest inspiration was satisfied.

In alluding to Christ on the cross, and that supreme moment of agony when he felt forsaken, M. Didon does not indulge in the florid, sensational word-painting of the Jesuit preacher, but speaks thus: —

What we can see of God is a ray, what we can feel of God is a drop of ambrosia; while that which Jesus looked upon was the sun, and what he felt was an immense flood encompassing heaven and earth. Conceive,

then, what he experienced when the flood, like an intercepted source, no longer intoxicated him with its infinite sweetness.

The writer in the *Christian World*, in his fine comments on this notable French preacher, says eloquently of these sermons, "A characteristic which reveals the true power of the orator is the pungent asides, the quick thrusts that leap out of the body of the argument, and which make us feel that the thinking is being done for us by lightning"; and he gives the following quotation as an illustration: —

Leave conservatism to God, because he is the Infinite; but we whose truth is relative, whose justice is limited, we who are always in movement, ought always to advance.

We need not despair of the spiritual unity of Christendom, when we see in the oldest and most conservative Church of the Christian world the old harsh and intolerant creeds forgotten in one of her most important pulpits, and simple obedience and loyalty to the gospel and person of Jesus of Nazareth the all-absorbing theme.

Martha Perry Lowe.
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KIDD'S "SOCIAL EVOLUTION."

This book has gratified the public from the fact that it indulges freely in that delicious luxury, prophecy. It is safer to be wise about the future than learned about the past. At the very threshold Mr. Kidd assumes that Weismann is right, as against Darwin and Spencer: whereas the Weismann school is waning.

The book is about twice too big. The opening and closing chapters are made up of chips left over from the main argument, —pretty good stuff some of it,—and he naturally disliked to throw it away. It should have gone into the waste basket, with a sigh.

Mr. Kidd proposes at the outset to be scientific in method. He says, "If you ask me to describe social evolution in a word, I should say that it is an endeavor to give a biological basis to our social science." Most of his critics have accepted it as a fact that the book really is "based on the theory of evolution." This can only be determined by a careful analysis of the argument, which, as compactly as possible, I will try to place before my readers.

Chapter first deals with the conditions of human progress. Progress is a necessity, but is possible only as a result of a conflict that elbows down the weaker. This at first was done by brute force; but civilization is the art of humanizing the struggle. Two new forces came into the struggle for progress with man,—the reason and an increased power for co-operation.

Man is an individual whose self-interest as an individual is all-important to himself; and yet, for the sake of human progress, he must subordinate these self-interests to social interests. This natural antagonism of the individual and society is Mr. Kidd's corner-stone. Progress—that is, social co-operation, as he sees it—conflicts with individual welfare, and has, therefore, no rational sanction.

Is there any such conflict? It is only the intensely individuated who are capable of co-operation. In advanced society, at least individualism and co-operation coincide; and so far Mr. Kidd, we know, is wrong. But is it true of even the lower masses of modern society that they feel any antagonism between their personal advantage and social life? The real facts are that the common people relish no power more than the social power of voting and schooling, and have ever been ready for the political co-operation of democracy.

We must not overlook also what Mr. Kidd seems to be oblivious of, that humanity began as a family. We inherited the family or social state from animal ancestry, and so from the outset had social instincts. There never was a period when the individual saw it to be rational to live for self. On the contrary, the primitive mothers died readily for their children. Altruism began with the race or before the race. Individualism is a late social product, —a bridge over from the primitive isolated family to the larger family (the new humanity).

To the contrary, however, Mr. Kidd insists that "the prevailing conditions of social existence can have no rational sanction for large masses of the people in societies where life is a long onerous rivalry,—where the many work and suffer, and only the few have ease." Here he limits the general

proposition to a special one,—that the *unsuccessful* can allow no sanction to social conditions, on which conditions, however, progress depends. This by parity would allow that all who attain success may sanction social life. Yet there are more suicides among the rich and learned than among the less fortunate. To establish the selfishness of individuality, he urges, "Do any of us deny ourselves a single scuttle of coal, so as to make our coal-fields last for one more generation?" To which we answer, "If this be so, it is not from recklessness of the future, but because knowledge shows us that, when coal fails, nature has other resources." Say what he will, foresight is the chief trait of man to-day. Mr. Mill says the chief human motive hereafter will be the fact that one action of ours can affect for good or for ill the unborn for many generations to come.

But let us see whither all this drifts. Mr. Kidd does not hesitate to add, "It is the interest of the masses holding political power to put an immediate end to existing social conditions; to abolish competition; to organize on socialistic principles; and, above all, to restrict population." This is, of course, to say that absolute communism is the only social order that the individual can rationally tolerate. This is a curious conclusion that would lead an ordinary man to review his steps. But Mr. Kidd is not an ordinary man. He even crowds on to say, "It would be an extremely difficult, if not impossible, task to find any halting place for reason before the doctrines of anarchy."

But let us get this corner-stone hewed exactly. The apparently final statement is this: "There emerges now clearly into sight this fundamental principle that in social development the interests of the individual and those of the social organism to which he belongs are not identical. The teaching of reason to the individual must always be that the present time, and his own interests therein, are all-important to him." And "the transforming fact which the scientific development of the nineteenth century has confronted us with is that, as the interests of the social organism and of the individual are and must remain antagonistic, and the former must always be predominant, there can never be found any sanction in individual reason for conduct in societies where the conditions of progress prevail."

To all which we reply, not only as we have, that the social state preceded the individual, but that individualism is a product of evolving society. Mr. Kidd moves on the opposite and false assumption. Individualism cannot exist alone.

There is also another fundamental falsity in the use which the author makes of the word "progress," which term he employs in a very indefinite way; but certainly as involving social equality. The real aim and end of social life is exactly that of individual life; that is, betterment. The ineradicable is inequality. The ideal is betterment, on whatever level we live or in whatever field we act. On the whole, this chapter is the final absurdity of the nineteenth century,—that progress is irrational, and living for self in the present alone rational.

Well, are we ditched? Mr. Kidd is equal to the occasion. Having created a conflict between reason and progress, he must find a reason for progress. This he does by introducing religion as another antagonist of reason,—a "super-rational" force. This conflict, which he sometimes terms a conflict of religion and science, he pictures to his own entire satisfaction. "Throughout all the centuries in which history has him in view, we witness man driven by a profound instinct which finds expression in his religions, unmistakably recognizing a hostile force of some kind in his own reason." Possibly Mr. Kidd knows what he means by an instinct, but it seems probable he does not. An instinct is understood by scientists to be a fixed automatic habit of mind or body. What possible habit created religion? At the very outset man appears to have been religious, — "the religious animal." That is, he kept the family intact (which death severed apparently) by bridging death with love and loving service. Religion was not an invention or a discovery. It was the *religo*, the bond of seen and unseen. Yet Mr. Kidd assures us that history is mistaken. "There can never be such a thing as a rational religion."

Now we march forward to see how progress really went on in spite of reason. Religion provides a supra-rational sanction

for social conduct; and Mr. Kidd thinks the significance of this conclusion will be evident as he proceeds. It only needs one more hitch in the logic. We must not only define religion arbitrarily as supra-rational, and rule out all other religions, but we must take into the definition all that Mr. Kidd wishes to prove. With a single sweep, therefore, we are requested to accept the following; and I believe the author's audacity has led many to accept it: "A religion is a form of belief, providing an ultra-rational sanction for that large class of conduct in the individual where his interests and the interests of the social organism are antagonistic." In which compact snugness we have asserted, or implied, that the interests of society and of the individual are antagonistic, which is untrue; that the only useful religion is opposed by reason, which is untrue; that irrational conduct is the only conduct that conduces to human progress; that there is a sanction above reason; that religion has somehow come into human life to hinder reason from utterly preventing civilization; that religion is a supra-rational device, requiring a supra-rational line of evolution.

Mr. Kidd has now shifted progress—that is, organic social life, or civilization—from reason to an assumed foe of reason, religion; and religion he has defined to be a supra-rational affair. But how did religion accomplish this? By the accumulation and disposition, we are assured, in community, of a vast amount of an altruistic feeling, which has overridden reason. It puzzles one, who stops to think at all over this matter, to know how this altruism began. For it could not have begun in the individual, who was already hopelessly dominated by reason. However, as the reason had nothing to do with the invention of altruism, it is not in reason to comprehend it. The simple facts are, however, that the earliest life was family life; and it was altruistic even to self-sacrifice. All religions have been the supremest product of reason. No greater logician ever lived than Jesus.

One illustration must be ventured on from the brilliant and sophistical chapter devoted to this point. Slavery, he informs us, was abolished by "the doctrine of salvation" and "the doctrine of human equality." But salvation for *this* life is not ultra-rational. And the doctrine of human equality came, as now understood, out of the seething of that French individualistic struggle that denied religion altogether. Slavery never was abolished anywhere by ultra-rational religion. Let him read the history of Columbus and the Caribs. My eye has just fallen on page 23 of the *New England Magazine* for September, where I read: "There is much talk about King Philip's son, a boy of nine years, who was taken prisoner. The ministers are bitter against him, and would have him sold into slavery, or worse." Rev. Sam. Arnold argued he might be put to death, as the children of Achan were; and a letter to Cotton Mather adds, "Philip's boy goes to be sold." This story of the poor boy of nine shows the vast deposit of religious altruism in New England that did not go to abolish slavery in spite of reason. The altruism of Jesus is based on individualism and reason,—"Love your neighbor as you love yourself." Egoism must precede altruism, the latter inevitably existing as a consequence. Jesus' appeal was to the man and to the reason,—not to a deposit of ultra-rational altruism. "Save yourself."

But Mr. Kidd now finds himself plump in contact with socialism. He has pronounced it rational; why not be socialists? He sees in all classes marked tendencies toward the enlarged definition of the State, and a lessening of the predominant competition, and of individualism. But, with competition and individualism abandoned, he assures us nothing is surer than progressive degeneration, and probably more immediate evils. Sweeping away verbiage and obscure entanglements, his argument is along this line. The progressive interference of the State, mostly in the interest of the weaker classes, and at the expense of the wealthy, is apparently inevitable. But the State will assume enlarged functions, not to suspend free competition, but to preserve and defend it! True socialism is individualistic and anti-social! Here are his words: "True socialism of the German type must be recognized to be ultimately as individualistic and as *anti*-social as individualism in its advanced forms." How he harmonizes this position with his previous statement, that "true socialism has in view the final suspension of that personal struggle

for existence which has been waged from the beginning of life," I do not undertake to discover. But here is his discovery that a socialistic state will end in stronger individualism.

With this pole in his hands, he jumps clear over socialism, which was altruistic, religious, and super-rational, and lands easily in rational individualism. But, to do so, he defines socialism as individualism; and, of course, it follows that individualism is social. And does it not follow, therefore, that the irrational is the rational, and that Mr. Kidd's whole book is a muddle?

E. P. Powell.

Clinton, N.Y.

THE SONG OF THE FARMER.

Oh, sweet the welcome of the fields,
The friendship of the trees,
The greeting of the swaying corn,
The whispering of the breeze!
Oh, glad the dawning of the day,
The rising of the sun!
O happy hour of even-tide,
When labor's task is done.

Let others seek the noisy town,
Its hot and crowded streets.
I better love the tranquil paths
Where man with nature meets.
I better love the sheep and kine,
The billowy grass and wood,
The pure, sweet air, and hardy fare
That health and freedom brood.

As all day long beneath the sky
I tread my toiling round,
A heavenly Presence seemeth nigh
In every sight and sound.
It walketh with me by the plow,
And through the yellowing grain.
As to and fro the reapers go,
It followeth in the train.

I never know of loneliness;
For, wheresoe'er I be,
This Presence keepeth close to bless,
To guide and comfort me.
The hours pass by in happy flight:
Each hath some joy to tell;
The heaviest work it seemeth light,
So cheering is its spell.

And so I prize the peaceful life
Of farm and country-side;
Remote from clamor, crowds, and strife,
I gladly here abide.
I hail the opening of the day,
When labor is begun,
And gladly wend my homeward way,
When labor's task is done!

Charles E. Perkins.

Iowa City, Ia.

BEAUTY: ITS RELATION TO LIFE AND RELIGION.

III.

I closed the last article by calling the artist the translator of nature's language of the beautiful.

And yet at various times art has been practically cast out in the name of religion. The third goddess of the religious trinity of truth, goodness, and beauty, seemed to be regarded with suspicion, as one that charms men only to betray them, just as it has been supposed the fixed glittering gaze of the snake draws the bird on to its destruction. The Hebrew people, compared with the Greeks, showed a marked distaste for the more material forms of art; while the early Christians were too poor and too deeply absorbed in the practical moral interest of religion to value in worship the element of beauty. But the wealth and leisure which afterward came into the Church brought back the pagan goddess. In Catholic Christianity she was made chief upon the throne. Her worship became one of statues and pictures and "peacock ritualism."

Protestantism swung back to the plain worship of the first century. Again beauty was crucified as a dangerous snare to the believer. The courts of Europe were seen to be corrupt, the Catholic Church was seen to be corrupt; yet here flourished the arts and fine manners. There must be a connection between these. There must be an antagonism between beauty and religion. Grace of manner, elegance of speech, sculpture and painting and cathedral architecture, go not well with religion, or they cause it to go ill. Thus did men reason. The Quaker simplicity would not brook rite or song or fine words. God could only come in the silent sitting of the soul in the midst of the plainest surroundings. Whittier, broad as he was, fell somewhat short of all the lyric harmony of verse which, perhaps, might have been compassed by his muse, had he been able to escape his Quaker ancestors' inappreciation of music.

Our Puritan forefathers and the early Methodists did likewise banish beauty. Life was so serious and heavy with them that they were as the knotty pines on the sunless side of the mountain crag. They

moved in the shadows of things. An ugly stiffness and severity got into the whole personality, into religion and all life. Their home and church were barren of good cheer and the graces. Their gait was awkward. Their very smile, whenever they were betrayed into so sinful an act, was less beautiful than a frown. It was not so natural and easy to make. It was a time of starvation for women and children and poets, for these cannot live without beauty.

We must admire our forefathers for their moral earnestness and self-denial. But man does not grow by them alone. Beauty is important as well as these, for beauty is the star-eyed goddess that does often lead us unto these. As man cannot live long without sunshine, so he cannot live long without beauty. Indeed, beauty brings sunshine and good cheer into life, and gives value to it. Hence the natural cravings of the human heart are restoring the banished queen to her rightful seat among the gods. As little children bidden to a feast after their clamoring appetites have been kept in undue restraint are joyous beyond measure, even so men and women are returning with glad hearts to worship at her shrine. The glory of color, the grace of form, the "concord of sweet sounds," are coming again, as the flowers and birds of the springtime, to minister through eye and ear to the soul of man.

One of the most marked traits of our time is the rapid growth of the æsthetic taste. As the union of religion and morality is being effected, so the splendid nuptials of utility and beauty are solemnized everywhere in the civilization of the day. The element of beauty is being put into the most practical things. Steam-engines are growing beautiful. The common dishes of the dining-room are made beautiful. The very meats and viands that furnish forth the banquet table are prepared to delight the eyes, as well as to please the palate. The humblest home can be something of an academy of fine arts, so cheap has become the making and so free the distribution of beautiful things.

At the Columbian Exposition utility and beauty, veritable king and queen, ruled in joint sovereignty and in peace over the manifold achievements of men. The coarsest raw material of God's earth, the most common mechanical devices and utensils, were arranged to please the eye. Some firm exhibited macaroni in such attractive variety of form and color that he who had no fondness for it must have craved a dish of it, like the veriest Italian. The Agricultural Building was an enchanted palace of ancient and modern temples, with pictures and statues, all made from grains and grasses and the like. Surely, the genius of beauty has seized hold of this practical people when it converts the feathers of fowls into an opera cloak worth $5,000; when a farmer can conjure with grains and seed and grasses so as to make that wonderful picture which the thousands visited in the Illinois Building,—a mammoth picture of farm-houses and out-buildings, grain fields and clover fields, people and animals, all in varied lights and shades.

In that enchanting city of the nations, beauty, beauty, beauty, everywhere beauty, —beauty by day and beauty by night, at all times beauty! And men walked in the sight thereof, and heard the sounds thereof; and the meanest of them, though he knew it not, was caught up in the glory of it. The beauty of the Lord, expressing itself in the beauty of man, shone round about him. Who can outgrow the higher level of sentiment which those nights of illumination at the White City lifted him into? The lagoon, its bars of shadow and of light; the electric launches, with their red lights darting here and there; the poetic gondola, gliding with the grace of a swan; the rows of electric lights; the flare of torches on the Administration Building; the electric fountains shooting their watery sheaves now low, now high,—shooting and shifting into all the primary colors; the rockets gliding upward, like fire-serpents, and the Roman candles bursting into gorgeous galaxies of stars; the imposing buildings blending the architectural splendors of the world; the lavish display of the sculptor's statues of gods and men, of sublime achievements legendary and historical; the surging, aspiring throngs of a divine humanity; and over all floating the harmonies of exalting music, and playing the shifting streams of search-lights upon the water, upon the peristyle and statuary, upon the splendid variety of architecture, upon the far more splendid variety of manifold faces of men,—

shifting streams of silvery whiteness, a subtle and mysterious illumination, making some, verily some, then and there, to feel themselves transported before Saint John's white throne in the heavenly Jerusalem. "A brief hour of evanescent fire-works, of fleeting pageantry, of harmonies and beauties —what was it all good for? It is all gone." Nay, blind dullard of the earth, it is not gone. It never will be. It is in thy soul,—in thy soul, dull as it is; and thou shalt not rid thyself of it, neither in this life nor in the life to come. GEORGE W. BUCKLEY.

HAS SATAN CONQUERED GOD?

The non-Christian nations have morals, religion, prophets, and revelations. "God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him." "Not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified. For when the Gentiles, who have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, they are a law unto themselves, and show the law written in their hearts, their conscience bearing witness." Paul at Athens acknowledged the inspiration of the Greek poet who declared, "We are God's offspring"; and he complimented the Athenians upon their reverence and devoutness. Christ's conversations with the Roman centurion, the Syrophœnician woman, the Samaritan woman, and the parable of the Good Samaritan, show his appreciation of the faith and spirituality of other nations. God never inspired any soul to misrepresent, malign, and damn his other children. Inspiration is not compatible with bigotry and theological vanity. God's infinite spirit ignores all sectarian and race lines. It is monopolized by no people. The Bible, the most inspired book, often speaks of the religion and morals of other races with appreciation and charity; and it nowhere declares the eternal misery of any people. All souls are safe when they follow the best guides and the clearest revelations that have been given to them; for God could not be just, were he to punish people for not living according to a gospel that he had never sent to them.

The gospel of Christ is superior to all non-Christian religions. We inherit it from the Hebrew race,—a race that had the strongest genius for spiritual things, and that has given us the flower of the human race, Jesus the Christ; and we ought to send it to all nations, as a proof of our love to man, and as an expression of our gratitude to God. We should send it to them, not to save them from eternal tortures, but to lift them into our civilized conditions, and to help them to realize their divine relations in more spiritual and practical ways. And we should send them the Christianity of the Gospels, and not the illegitimate conceptions of sectarian leaders.

It is sad to think that millions of dollars are wasted that have been collected from ignorant and well-meaning people for the purpose of saving the heathen from the ever-hungry jaws of hell. The boards, agents, and officers consume a large part of the mission funds. Besides, according to the present method, it takes about $100,000 to convert a respectable heathen; and the genuineness of his conversion may then be doubted. Some missionaries may be honest and wise; but we generally employ men and women that have a love of adventure, a great deal of zeal without knowledge, and little ability to make a living in their own country. Rarely does one of our churches desire the services of an average missionary; and yet we expect our feeble-minded missionaries to convert talented and educated men and women in India, China, and Japan. The heathen, who now quite frequently visit us, say to us, with a smile on their faces, "If you want to convert us, you will have to send us your superior men." It would surely be wise for us to bring bright young natives to our country and train them to carry Christ's message to their countrymen; for they know the idioms of their own languages and the peculiarities of their own people, and can reach the hearts of all classes. We are glad to know that this more rational plan is receiving the attention and approval of our missionary boards.

Christians generally believe that Satan was an archangel in heaven at one time, that he became very ambitious and led an army of rebel angels against the loyal hosts of heaven's King, that he and his followers were defeated and cast out of heaven; and

they claim that God and his hosts won a grand victory. But, if God lost so many legions of angels forever, if Satan succeeded in drawing millions of spirits away from their allegiance, was not that a great victory for Satan?

The same Christians also believe that God placed Adam and Eve on this planet for the purpose of having a race that would love and serve him, and that would be happy in his service and in the blessings of beauty, plenty, and opportunity on the earth. Then the great rebel succeeded in corrupting the hearts of our innocent first parents, and in making them disobedient to their Maker. They and their unfortunate descendants became Satan's children; and he put a mortgage upon their souls, a mortgage that has not yet been paid off, although God has made schemes and put forth efforts to do so. To any sane mind this would seem another victory for Satan.

According to the beliefs of these same Christians, Satan is winning the vast majorities at the present day. The Mohammedans, Buddhists, Hindus, Parsees, Jews, and heathen, represent 1,200,000,000 of the human race. These millions know little or nothing about our sacred Scriptures, and our divine Christ, and our schemes of salvation. If they can be saved only by our plans, then they are all lost, and they belong to Satan; and, consequently, he must be regarded as the mighty conqueror, and God is defeated.

To-day his prospects for future victories are exceedingly bright; and even Christendom is largely under the control of Satan, according to the teachings of sectarian theology. The tide of emigration toward his black dominions is tremendous. Every moment a doomed soul drops out of this world into the infernal regions. The people who hold this view of the destiny of our race insist that we accept it as gospel, good news, good will, toward man, peace upon earth. This is a fine message to take to non-Christian people; for it shows what a respecter of persons God must be.

Plato, Socrates, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Bryant, Lowell, and thousands of the noblest souls of the ages are to exist in hell forever; and some of the vilest monsters in human form are to be angels forever, not because they deserve to be happy, but because they are so low down in moral insensibility that they are willing to let somebody else suffer for their black crimes.

Christianity is not the only religion which has such a horrible theology; for Mohammedans, Hindus, and Buddhists cherish theories of religion that consign all Christians to hells of their own imagination.

Satan can point forever to the millions he has won, to the millions he is now winning, and to the millions he will win, as the trophies of his victories. He can say, "I have wrested these millions out of the hands of God; and they are mine forever, and I am conqueror."

At Whittier in this State (California) there is an excellent institution for the education of young people whose parents or guardians did not train them wisely and lovingly to fight the battles of life. The superintendent and his assistants treat these unfortunate young people as children of God, they teach them trades, and prepare them to be useful citizens in this great State of ours. That institution is truly Christian. It manifests Christ's divine love and humane spirit. It has his benediction, because it is conducted according to his plan of salvation. California realizes that these young people have claims upon her conscience and love, and that it is diabolical to punish people for crimes that grow out of parental, municipal, and State neglect and shameless indifference. They are the children of the State, and, as such, have a natural right to have their minds, brains, and hands so educated that they can earn an honest living in some calling. The State does not punish them to satisfy her spirit of revenge, nor does she brutalize them by confining them in filthy cells. She, like a wise mother, knows that they need discipline, education, opportunity, and encouragement. Now, this Christian plan of salvation is infinitely superior to that plan which remorselessly consigns countless millions of God's good and bad children to endless despair. So Christ is utterly opposed to the jail God of the Middle Ages, as the Whittier school fully shows. Some people would have us believe that God, the Father of all souls, does not manage his universe as wisely and kindly as the State of California manages the affairs of her un-

fortunate children. What an insult to the Almighty!

It has taken thousands of ages to produce human beings on the earth, and man is the masterpiece of the omniscient Artist on this planet. Why should he destroy his own finest work? Why should he waste so much human force in eternal fires? Is God insane? If an artist should tear his best picture in pieces, we would consider him a madman. How inconsistent it is to believe in the wisdom of God and at the same time to represent him as an insane Artist!

God is omniscient; and, therefore, he foresees all things. He has all power and wisdom and love to prevent evil things from happening. Before this world was formed, he saw what we are doing to-day. He knows what each soul will do before he places it in a human body. If he knew that the 1,200,000,000 souls in non-Christian lands this day would most certainly sink into the regions of eternal woe, why did he bring them into this world to be heirs of such an awful fate? He could have prevented it. Nothing compelled him to cause these souls to be born. He is, then, responsible for their earthly existence and for their fate. It is nonsense to attempt to clear God from the blackest crime that the human mind could imagine by saying, "He permitted it, he did not wish it"; for what the Omniscient permits he foreordains. Not even the worst earthly father would be guilty of the horrible crime of forcing his own child into eternal sufferings; and one naturally wonders that people holding this God-insulting theory of the destiny of so many souls marry and bring children into the world, when they believe that they may be tempted and fall from grace, and end in endless misery. But we are very glad that the Christians who say they believe such a dogma are inconsistent. They are generally honest, kind, and self-sacrificing in their efforts to save their neighbors from trouble and distress; and they would not knowingly and willingly hurt a worm. In their own conduct they manifest the spirit of Christ, while they confess their belief in a creed that demons would blush to cherish and defend. Nobody could really believe that millions of his fellow-beings are going to hell every year, and remain outside of an insane asylum, if his heart were not harder than a stone. And, when men and women enjoy their good meals, sing merry songs, sleep comfortably, buy and sell and get gain, laugh heartily at jokes, make love and marry, it is evident that they do not realize that every moment a human soul is called to its terrible doom, as their creed teaches. It is a Sunday belief, and not a week-day one. It is invoked to thrill the nerves during revivals. Healthy, educated, and refined people demand a God that is infinitely superior to the best earthly father, and not a God that is arbitrary, cruel, and insane; and they have the plain authority of Christ for expecting God to treat them with infinite love and mercy.

Every child of God has an eternal claim upon his divine care, his infinite love, and his gracious help in time of trouble. It is a false piety that requires us to regard ourselves as paupers, living on the bounty of our Creator, as mere worms of the dust, as miserable sinners, as unworthy of our heavenly Father's notice. We are just as necessary to God as he is to us. He is infinite love; and love needs objects to lavish its affections upon. The Bible teaches us that God desires our love, trust, consideration, worship, reverence, and obedience. We are created because he needs us, because our creation is a divine necessity, because love demands the worlds to be peopled. So we are here, not because God has condescended to make us and to give us many blessings and to allow us to cumber his footstool, but because God could not be a father without children, and he could not be love without having children to love, and he could not manifest his love without having children to manifest his love to, and he could not be loved if he had no children to love him. Besides, Christ represents the soul as being of such value in the eyes of God that all divine agencies must work to save it. In other words, Christ's teachings imply that neither God nor the universe can afford to lose a soul. Would it please a good father to have his son tell him that he is a worm, a vile creature, unworthy of his love or care? No, indeed. It would please the father much to hear his son say, "I have resisted temptation; I have overcome a great difficulty; I have striven to be worthy of my father's name; I have won a victory, feeling that my father would be proud of his son;

I am here for my father's congratulations." So God is well pleased when we feel the divinity of our nature, and act accordingly. "Thou art my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." The Bible represents God as asking his human children for their hearts, for their love; but he does not ask for our love, like a tyrant commanding his slaves. His heart is not hungry for the love of cowards, of worms, of vile creatures; but it is hungry for the love of men and women who feel they are his immortal children, and that they have a right to his eternal mansions, if they will qualify themselves for such abodes by making themselves his loving children. We are living in a world that has sickness, sorrow, and misery. If hell signifies the results of disobedience to God's good laws, then hell is no dream, but a fearful reality. But this hell has its uses and blessings.

God will ultimately enable every human child of his to banish hell from his life and environment; but his child must co-operate with him in bringing about this grand result. He must repent, obey, wait, pray, hope, and have a living faith.

We have as our Leader him who is the way, the truth, and the life. He has in his Father's name and spirit conquered death and the grave, and brought life and immortality to light by his gospel and character. He cannot fail, for the forces and laws of the universe are behind him as assurances of final conquest. In himself he embodies the best features of all other leaders; and, as the revealer of eternal life, he is the divine Captain of our salvation. With the two great commandments as our simple and comprehensive creed, and one that will never have to be revised, and with the glorious life of our Leader to interpret and illustrate that creed, there is no success too great for us to expect. In him we see the possibilities and promises of our human nature. We have every right to look forward to the utter banishment of hell, and to a future that will transcend our brightest visions. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

"Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee."

J. S. Thompson.

Los Angeles, Cal.

SARATOGA, 1894.

The spirit of the Lord has stirred,
Our hearts are touched with flame:
At last it is the living word,
The Christ's great word we name.

Beyond the shallows of our strife,
From heights of heaven above,
Across the untried deeps of life,
We sing the psalm of love.

In one strong faith we all unite,
With one great God above,
One word, to shine our beacon light,
The living word of Love.

Frederick B. Mott.

OUR NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

A great gathering! As the groups of delegates began to arrive, many of them on Saturday that they might enjoy the privilege of hearing Dr. E. E. Hale's Sunday morning sermon, it was noticeable that an unusual interest animated all comers. "What will the new Convention Hall be like?" "Is Stopford A. Brooke well enough to be here?" "Has Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter of Manchester College, Oxford, arrived?" "Will Mrs. Julia Ward Howe recite her 'Battle Hymn of the Republic'?" and "What sort of fighting is likely to take place over the revision of the constitution?"

These questions were on many lips. On Monday morning they began to be answered.

Convention Hall, from the outside, had the appearance of a really commodious and handsome meeting place. Of bright red brick, lofty, with wide, welcoming archways, and a wholesome, clean air, after the dismal old Town Hall, it promised to be as cheering as the Unitarian gospel. "Believing, we rejoice to find the curse removed." But, alas! like the cleanly though unadministrative householder in the parable, to whom there entered in the place of the one fiend expelled seven more virulent visitors, so here, in spite of the exorcism of stringed instruments ranged beneath the iron girders, partitioning curtains, and other devices, seven-and-seventy invisible ghosts had al-

ready taken up their abode in the nooks and crannies of the vast auditorium, whence at every sound of a human voice proceeding from the platform they echoed an unbidden and undesirable response. The auditorium was grandly filled at the first evening meeting to hear Prof. Francis G. Peabody's noble sermon; and it was disheartening to be able only to hear half-sentences, and lose the rest in rolling reverberations. But, somehow, the instinct of the great congregation seemed to seize upon the high thought and aspiring ideal imbedded in every half-heard phrase. Somehow, there seemed to come a prophetic light in the two thousand eager faces, strained as they were to intense attention. It was as though every heart in the audience caught responsively the tone sounded, and felt it to be the true note which should be made to sound clearly through the coming days. It was a summons to quit dabbling in the shallow waters, and take heart of grace to let down our nets into the deep,—that great deep whence alone can be drawn miraculous drafts of spiritual food.

On Tuesday morning many went with foreboding hearts to what seemed an impossible demand, that of attempting the commemoration of a holy communion service in the bare, new, unchurchlike Convention Hall, with its rasping reverberations. But all who attended were soon brought to feel the truth of the grand old Psalmist's cry, "Though I make my bed in the under world, *Thou* art there." Such spiritual heights began to open to the soul's imagination under the spell of Edward Everett Hale's splendid declarations of the universal brotherhood intended in the symbolism of Christ's broken bread, that the building, the surroundings, all the disadvantages of the situation, were forgotten; and only the great life of the spirit, the great life of God into which Jesus leads us, seemed real.

"I know not," said Dr. Hale, reverently lifting the communion bread, "whether the grains of wheat that died in the earth to make this bread came originally from Egypt. They may have been planted by the Pharaohs or carried away by Moses. I know not whether Ohio or Dakota or Illinois yielded this latter crop. It is all one, it is the symbol of our common brotherhood, whether we come from East or West, North or South. We are here united in one name, one life."

In the business meeting which followed, resolutions in memory of the late president of the Conference, Hon. George W. Curtis, were unanimously adopted; and then the two thousand assembled delegates listened eagerly to the address delivered by the president of the Conference, Senator George F. Hoar. In every respect it was a fine opening to the many brilliant addresses which were to follow. It briefly reviewed the past, touched upon the comparative newness of Unitarian faith as an organized working church, yet referred to the striking line of famous names already enrolled upon its few brief pages of history. In claiming for all manner of religious faith a common cause, Mr. Hoar said:—

Although a dweller in Massachusetts, I claim property as an American and a countryman, in Starr King of California, as I do in George Washington of Virginia. If I were a Presbyterian, I would claim a like property as a Christian, in Starr King, the Unitarian, as in George Washington, the Episcopalian. No Athanasian creed can shut out my soul from the soul of George Herbert. No church politics can make my senses numb to the fragrance of that wreath of lilies, the "Christian Year" of John Keble. When Archbishop Ireland, then bishop of Minnesota, announced that, of the liquor dealers in his diocese, less than five per cent. were of the Catholic faith, I wished to pay my profound homage to the man who had brought this to pass. I felt that his Christianity and that of my revered and beloved master, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, were, in essential, very much the same. I should like to send a barrel of Archbishop Ireland's theology to the other bishops. When the same man uttered in Washington, two or three years ago, his brave rebuke to the men who despoil our Southern fellow-citizens of the glory of their American citizenship, I felt I should like to send some of our Protestant clergy to his Sunday-school.

We share with Christians everywhere the supreme certainty that the Power which has established this fabric of things is conscious and is beneficent. Upon this foundation, in all ages, has rested the hope from which cometh to man and nations every gift of noblest origin,—the hope of immortality. In virtue of this faith we claim our place in the ranks of those who, by whatever name they call themselves, are striving to bring in the kingdom of God, and that his will may be done on earth as it is in heaven.

The afternoon was devoted to the Women's National Alliance, whose meetings were held in the First Presbyterian Church very kindly offered, and which was vastly better than the bare Convention Hall, every

speaker being clearly heard. The church was full. Most excellent papers were given: "The Women's Western Conference," Rev. Ida C. Hultin; "The Women's Pacific Coast Conference," Miss E. B. Easton; "The Religious Field," Mrs. J. T. Sunderland; "Moral Enthusiasm," Rev. Marion Murdock; "The Young Women," Miss May White Ovington; "Work in India," Mrs. Judith W. Andrews; "The Golden Bond," Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. At the close of her address Mrs. Howe recited the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

In the evening, in the same place, was held a platform meeting, presided over by Rev. S. M. Crothers, with the following speakers: "The Work of Church Extension in New Communities," Rev. Charles J. Staples; "How can Existing Parishes be strengthened?" Rev. A. M. Lord; "The Church in its Relation to Sociology," Rev. Christopher R. Eliot; "The Church as a Social Prophet," Rev. Eugene R. Shippen.

On Wednesday morning it was evident that something of unusual importance was on foot. An air of expectancy pervaded the corridors and parlors of the United States Hotel. Every one was either seeking information or emphasizing his already acquired convictions. The shadow of a great crisis was upon us. We could all feel that; but, whether it would lift or burst in storm, no prophetic voice seemed able to declare. Down streamed the great crowd to the Convention Hall. There were no trips to Mt. McGregor or the lake, Every delegate felt that his one vote might this day be needed in the making of Unitarian history.

Everything, however, was to move in order; and the pent-up excitement of all hearts was held in check by the steady procedure of the presiding officer. Under other circumstances less distracted attention would have been given to two fine papers on "Regeneration," by Rev. T. R. Slicer and Mr. Francis C. Lowell, as also to the scholarly address of Prof. Estlin Carpenter, whose bright opening remarks in his capacity of English delegate were heartily welcomed as a cheerful omen. Discussion was dispensed with; and almost before the great audience was aware of what had transpired the tall, rugged figure of Edward Everett Hale advanced to the edge of the platform, and in sonorous voice began addressing the chair. It was some moments before the house caught the purpose of his remarks; but, as soon as it was understood that he was presenting the report of the committee upon the revision of the Constitution of the Conference, every footfall in the aisles and every rustling movement in the chairs was stilled. Mr. Hale very moderately stated the circumstances under which the committee had been appointed, and the result, calling upon Mr. Savage to read the new form of constitution offered by the committee. This showed a careful revision of the usual business clauses, with an entirely new preamble. As the differences and dissatisfactions have all risen out of the old preamble, it was the committee's new preamble to which the audience listened with deepest attention. It reads as follows:—

The Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches was formed in the year 1865, with the purpose of strengthening the churches and societies which should unite in it for more and better work for the kingdom of God. These churches accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man. The Conference recognizes the fact that its constituency is Congregational in tradition and policy. Therefore, it declares that nothing in this constitution is to be construed as an authoritative test; and we cordially invite to our working fellowship any who, while differing from us in belief, are in general sympathy with our spirit and our practical aims.

It was evident from the applause which followed that the simplicity, clearness, and strength of this nobly worded statement was something much better than the body of delegates had anticipated. It was no patchwork compromise, which so many had dreaded as the only outcome of a constitutional revision; but, instead, it sounded a strong, clear note of simple Christian faith, in which all differing beliefs find common ground.

After the adoption of the report was moved, however, there were several voices raised in favor of postponement; and for a few moments it seemed as though the dreaded violence of ill feeling was to be precipitated upon us. It ended, however, in the charitable giving way of the majority, and a postponement till afternoon. Short time was spent in material refreshment through the dinner hour; and, long before the time an-

nounced for reassembling, delegates eager to be at the front were crowding into the hall.

Then came our jubilee. After some details of business the report of the Revision Committee was read again. Some one rose to propose that it be accepted by acclamation, but the president said he should put the vote in the usual way. The "ayes" gave a splendid response; and, when the president called for "those opposed," after a breathless silence, in which *not one voice* responded, the whole audience rose to its feet, and shouted with joy.

Many clasped hands; while others, who remembered similar debates with sadly different results, shed tears of gratitude. Such a scene has never occurred before in the history of Unitarianism. All dispute disappeared in faith, all wrangling in love, all individual idiosyncrasies were hushed in the one great holy spirit of God's peace.

All felt that this meant a new era in the life-power of our common church. The prophet Calthrop arose, and declared that he should pray no more, "O Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," but "May the Lord now arise, and his enemies be scattered!" for we are about to march shoulder to shoulder in one phalanx, to one point, against one enemy, sin!

"We have done the impossible," cried Charles G. Ames, "we have combined stability with progress, we have unloaded all that belongs behind, we have won Liberty and Union, this day, now, and forever."

It was the greatest day in the history of the Unitarian Church. We plant the flag of Christian faith upon the summit of the world, high above the level of sectional dispute, in those sun-bathed heights, that clear, free atmosphere, where the love of man blends into the love of God.

The remaining events of the Conference were carried out in a joyous spirit of enthusiasm. The evening mass meeting was a stirring one, under the chairmanship of Rev. George Batchelor. Crisp addresses were made by Rev. C. G. Ames, Rev. John Cuckson, Rev. John W. Chadwick, Rev. C. W. Wendte and Mr. George W. Stone.

The programme for the closing day was carried out as announced, including interesting essays, discussions, and a final platform meeting.

One of the pleasing occurrences of the Conference was the announcement of a gift of $30,000, with $20,000 more to be paid in later, to found a new professorship at Meadville Theological School. The gift is from Mrs. C. B. Hackley.

A NOTABLE LIBERAL RELIGIOUS CONGRESS.

Steadily the consciousness spreads and deepens among Universalists, Unitarians, and Liberal Jews that they are one in aim and purpose. Perhaps the latest illustration of this is seen in the Congress held in Erie, Pa., September 11–14, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the Universalist church in that city. Rev. Howard MacQueary, the pastor, had planned for addresses, papers, sermons, and discussions, not only from some of the leading men of the Universalist body, but from a number of well-known representatives of Unitarianism and Judaism. The attendance upon the Congress was large. The city of Erie was waked up as it had seldom been before. The newspapers gave full and sympathetic reports of the meetings; and broader and more reasonable views of religion have been placed before some thousands of persons to whom hitherto the words "Universalism" and "Unitarianism" have been scarcely more than names,—and very unattractive names at that.

Some of the more important subjects presented were "The History of the Erie Universalist Church," "A Half-century of Universalism in America," "Reformed Judaism and Liberal Christianity," "Progressive Orthodoxy and Universalism," "Unitarianism and Universalism," "The Universalism of the Future," "The Growth of the Hebrew Idea of God," "The Higher Criticism of the Bible," "A Union of Liberal Religious Societies," "The History and Work of the Young People's Christian Union," "Marriage and Divorce," "Woman's Industrial Rights and Wrongs," "Should Women have the Ballot?" "Crime and Criminals," "The Church and Industrial Problems."

Some of the better known speakers were Dr. O. Cone of Buchtel College, Rev. Dr. Rexford of Boston, Rev. Dr. Atwood of Canton Theological Seminary, Prof. H. H. Barber of Meadville, Rabbi M. J. Gries of Cleveland, Rev. F. A. Bisbee of Philadel-

phia, Prof. A. B. Curtis of Tufts College, Rev. T. R. Slicer of Buffalo, Rev. A. N. Alcott of Elgin, Ill., and Mrs. Clara B. Colby of Washington.

Space will not allow us to report the Congress as a whole. We must limit ourselves to a brief account of three of the more interesting addresses; namely, those by Mr. Slicer, Dr. Rexford, and Rabbi Gries.

MR. SLICER ON "UNIVERSALISM AND UNITARIANISM."

The speaker began his address with a pleasant picture of the Unitarian Church on one side of the stream and the Universalist on the other, joined by a bridge. He stood upon the Unitarian side, and could speak with knowledge of his people. While holding the Universalists in pleasant perspective, he could judge of them with a considerable degree of accuracy. He was not one who believed that all the flocks of Christianity could be put in one fold. There are and must be many folds. "I am content to be a Unitarian, in spite of all the attractions of the Universalists, feeling that, while there is much in common, there are also differences."

Unitarians and Universalists have this in common. They are twins in point of time of birth and in having a common mother named Religious Liberty. But, while they are twins, they are not of the kind resembling each other so completely as to occasion difficulty in distinguishing one from the other. But, of these twins, one is a blonde, the other a brunette. The Universalist is the blonde, its light complexion being due to the life it has lived. It has been within doors,—cloistered,—while the brunette twin has spent its time out of doors. The Universalist has kept within the Bible, the Unitarian has gone out to nature.

The two denominations have also suffered in common from a certain class of recruits. As soon as a man became disaffected with his church, he would say: "Go to! I am a free thinker. I sit on the edge of the world, and hang my feet over! I will join the liberal church." In common, we have done good even to these recruits, finally teaching them that religion is a matter of religious life rather than dogma. So effective has been our efforts in improving lives that it has been hurled at us by the way of reproof that our good lives viciously lead men to bad doctrine. Men speak of the fine lives of Unitarians. These lives are not accident. They are the outgrowth of one principle of life. Holy lives come from holy thoughts.

The differences between our churches grow out of different points of view. Universalists have appealed to the Bible, Unitarians to scientific discoveries as well.

One has developed a philosophy of theology, the other a philosophy of life. The members of our churches do not indicate the numbers of emancipated souls who are indebted to the liberal church for their freedom.

We have a common mission. Universalists say, "God is too good to burn men in hell." Unitarians say, "Man is too good to be burned." Our common mission is to produce perfect human life. Sin is not human: it is inhuman. To produce perfect humanity is to give to the world the supreme object of religion and God.

DR. REXFORD ON "THE UNIVERSALISM OF THE FUTURE."

I have been asked to indicate certain features which, in my judgment, will characterize the Universalism of the future. The conservative spirit would say: "Know the Universalism of the past, transfer that to the future, and the problem is solved. The decision of Universalist fathers at Winchester is Universalism." Change it, and it is no longer Universalism. This is intelligible, but inadequate.

But new and larger meanings develop in older definitions if the development of life be in them. If the mountains and the sea are not stable, how shall a dogma pertaining to the infinite life and truth remain unchanged forever in this restless, surging sea of human struggle? Logically, the relation of the original exists; but, practically, it is forgotten.

Unitarianism at first meant a belief in the unity of God in contradiction to the idea of the trinity. Now it means a belief in a sympathetic band between all things.

Universalism, too, means far more than it meant to the Winchester convention of 1803. Universalism has the right to grow from its original affirmative of a single characteristic dogma to the far greater, wherein it is seen as the interpreter of the universe under the sway of the infinite mind dominated by an infinite heart of love.

Now that the World's Congress is over, we recognize that religion is not a matter of the Old and New Testaments, but that the religious sense pertains to an original and universal endowment of mankind by the universal Father.

Revelation closely allied with inspiration will be regarded in the future more and more not as limited to one particular province, but a process that perpetually goes forward in the world, not as a great gift sent down from the heavens, but as a slow and laborious task of discovery in the fields of human activity and experience.

The Universalism of the future will be intensely theistic. Jesus of Nazareth asked nothing for himself as a finality. He was always pointing upward to a greater being than himself. The future ideal of the faith will cry out to all men, "Let us go, led by the infinite within us, to find the infinite everywhere." The Universalism of the future will have its church; and the chief purpose of that church will be the worship of God,—not a substitute for a lecture hall, theatre, nor gymnasium, yet a stimulator of all that is philanthropic and wholesome, helpful, and joyous.

The Universalism of the future will look upon all truth from whatever field as its natural and inseparable ally. All truth must serve the highest purposes of life.

RABBI GRIES ON "REFORMED JUDAISM AND LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY."

Rabbi Gries began by referring to the Congress of Religions at the World's Fair one year ago, and to its benefits. He said Judaism was a religion for the living. There is still a chasm between Christianity and Reformed Judaism. The Christian prays, "Lead us not into temptation." The Jew prays, "Give me strength to meet and conquer temptation." Temptation comes to all men, and what they need is strength to conquer it. The orthodox Christian religion offers salvation to all men through one path. Judaism approaches nearer to the Universalist idea, and offers salvation to all the righteous of both Jews and Gentiles. Faith is not the saving power, according to the Jewish belief. Good conduct alone is the passport to heaven.

The Jew is supposed to be narrow and contracted, but in reality he is not. He is progressive, and is truly universal. The old laws and customs of the Jews have passed away. The temple has been overthrown, and Palestine is under the rule of the Moslem. The Jew does not desire or look for the restoration of his temporal kingdom. While he may regret the destruction, he has taken *this* as the holy land. Israel is faced toward the west, not the east. He has obeyed the command of God to Abraham to "arise, and get thee out of the country and into another place." Our teaching and thought is universal, and our expression soon will be.

Judaism is still thought to be narrow, old, and antiquated; and Israel is still thought to have existed only to produce the Redeemer. It is still taken for granted that Christianity is far in advance of Judaism, and that Jews exist only to be used as an evidence of events of eighteen centuries ago; and Christians have even set missionaries at work among us to show the true light. We have been asked to surrender our name, and some Jews have become Christians; but the remainder will stand firm until the growth of religious fellowship will warrant the surrender.

Greece was a very small country, Palestine was a mere province; but Greece and Palestine by their philosophy and religion are ruling the world to-day.

The speaker then made a very eloquent plea for the uniting of liberal Christians and Reformed Jews, and concluded by saying: "We are all the children of one God. The separating walls are down, let us clasp hands. Liberal Christians and Reformed Jews are preparing the way for a universal brotherhood; and, while we may be far in advance, all the world is following us. Orthodoxy has divided mankind. Liberal religions are reuniting it. We were all God's children in the beginning. Let us be now."

THE POPPY WREATH.

There came an angel in the night,
When all the house was hushed to rest.
A star was shining o'er his hair,
A crown was clasped upon his breast.

To one who slept in dreamless ease
He bore the blooms of purple shade,
And, stopping, kissed the tranquil brow,
Just where the poppy wreath was laid.

With the first dawn we found him there,
Such noble quiet in his mien,
The morning light came stealing in,
As awe-struck by the wondrous scene.

Majestic death upon him lay,
The ermine and the honored state,
As if some office high and grave
Had oped for him the palace gate.

Thus the dark poppy wreath became
A victor crown in that last hour,
And all of courage, calm, and great
Shone 'neath the strange symbolic flower.

AUGUSTA LARNED.

SUNRISE OFF THE AZORES.

The night noises of New York hotels are proverbial, the clashing of great bells, the apparently reckless haste of escaping inmates,—are they throwing their trunks out of windows? the brutal ejaculations of rollicking ice-venders, the indescribably resounding racket from the street below. To exchange this pandemonium for a forward state-room on the "Fulda," bound out for the Mediterranean Sea and the atmosphere

of sweet, soft, balmy Italy,—what brain-worn worker would not rejoice in such an opportunity!

There is no fog on this southern route. *Ergo*, blessed *ergo*, no fog-horn. As a curdler of one's very life blood, a twister into twists of one's most sensitive nerve centres, nothing excels the blurting, booming, bursting ebullition of the fog-horn, especially when, with that vigilant consistency which the German military discipline regards as the eternal price of successful organization, the blasts recur at three-minute distances through the most precious hours of early morning sleep. But this southern passage knows no fog. A soft and delicate haze, mellowing the shining countenance of the sun, and rather improving his appearance than otherwise, was all the cloud we saw. No muffling up in coats and capes and rugs. The bright summer dresses of the ladies enliven the canvas-covered promenading decks. The cute little German flags that are pinned every day upon the chart to indicate our place upon the trackless blue soon show that something like two thousand miles of rolling sea lie between us and the dear, prophetic statue bearing in patient solitude her beacon torch in New York Harbor.

It seems like a reversion of things to be sailing from Liberty to Columbus; but we have it on good authority that our first impression of Genoa will be the imposing statue of the great "Christophe," shining in sun-steeped marble against a terraced cliff wreathed with bay and palm and myrtle trees. However, something is preparing for us between, even here in mid-ocean; for there comes a day when the vast underbed of blue grows rippleless. Perfect sense of perfect calm rests upon us all, stills our hearts, overawes our restlessness, makes us imagine holy things, and dream prayers. Night hushes our expectations, and drowses us with purple gloom.

A bugle note at 4 A.M. startles us awake. Dim shadows careering over leaden seas. Due north a black burden upon the deep. Is it some abandoned hulk drifting before the morning mist or a phantom battlement dismantled and tenantless? It is Tennyson's immortal isle,—

> "At Flores in the Azores,
> Sir Richard Glenville lay."

But it passes, a dim, weird vision, before the dawn. Once more the impenetrable deep closes around us, speechless of its treasures. Only for a moment a sudden sweep of cloud-drift, and seven thousand feet above us the cone-capped peak of Pico cuts the sky. The crimson tints of coming day gleam behind it; a rosy bloom hangs upon the olive-tinted slopes below. Red mounds all blared across with scorched black-fire stains seem rolled together at the base. Heralded by a leaping blaze of dazzling light, the sun himself suddenly fills the air with golden splendor, the light bathes the rocky heights. Far above fly the curled clouds, and far below, far as the eye can follow, the crystal, glassy, gleaming sea.

Pico is the tip of an extinct volcano. The cliffs run sheer down four miles below the surface of the ocean. Between the rock-bare peak, the lava slopes tinted in wonderful colorings of reds and browns, and the white breakers we can see a meandering checker-board of terraced vineyards, hedges, bits of barley fields, long white pineapple sheds, churches with Algerian turrets, a light-house, and a windmill for all the world like one of the dear little Dutch toy-bits.

Ah! but it is all gone now for us. We should like to come back this way.

FREDERICK B. MOTT.

PERPETUAL DAY.

To the Editor of the Unitarian:—

Let me urge you and your many readers to embrace the earliest opportunity of visiting Norway, the glorious land of the midnight sun. The route from any of the southern ports to North Cape is through the most romantic and thrilling scenery. The fiords are of an ideal beauty and picturesqueness. Snow-covered mountains rise several thousand feet directly out of the water. Waterfalls come tumbling down their sides. The jagged peaks of some of the ranges appear as if they had been broken and wrenched in some giant warfare. It is no wonder that our old Norse forefathers peopled these regions with Thor and Wodin and other gods who were the embodiments of force. This beauty and grandeur is heightened by the fact that during the season when Norway is visited by travellers

there is perpetual day. The scenery is never veiled by night. During our entire stay in the country there was no shade of darkness. On board the boats I often sat on deck and read through midnight and the small hours of the morning. In the towns and cities children play upon the streets, and women exchange bits of news from their upper windows when our section of the earth is stilled in slumber. Near midnight we saw and heard ambitious marksmen practising on a rifle-range. We have grasses and flowers gathered at 1 A.M. Most of the Norwegians scorn such amenities as shades and curtains, and the flies buzz about during the entire twenty-four hours.

Along the coast and on board flat-boats, fish is piled up like cord-wood. Twenty thousand fishermen ply their occupation about the Lofoten Islands. The table is always laden with choice varieties of fish. The two great industries of fishing and grazing—more than a thousand hills being dotted with cattle—present a unique series of pictures to the eye of the traveller.

From May till August the light-houses of Southern Norway even have a vacation. In Northern Norway there are no light-houses except in the harbors and at a few specially dangerous points. And yet the boats run during the entire year. The Gulf Stream which our continent is good enough to send to Northern Europe keeps the waters of the coast of Norway from freezing, and the boats run continuously during the long night of winter, steering by the compass and the watch. Navigators know that it is so many minutes from point to point, and, taking the proper direction, steer by *time*. The boats are provided with double bottoms, as a protection against the rocks among which they must often feel their way. While the coast of Norway is very much awake and active during the night of winter, it being the chief season for fishing, on the opposite side of the peninsula it is so cold that the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland are sometimes entirely frozen over. The Norwegians are truly grateful for our Gulf Stream.

Another striking feature of travel in Norway is the exceeding cheapness of it. On the boats one's wife travels at half-fare. This is a little humiliating to the wife, but beneficial to the husband's purse. Other members of a family travel at fixed reductions of price, the head of the family being the only one from whom full fare is asked. The hotels are also cheap and good. It is much cheaper travelling in Norway than staying at home. And the people are so primitive and honest that they do not even take advantage of Americans, everywhere else considered the legitimate prey of the spoiler. I several times had dealings with natives with whom I had no means of conversing. I allowed them to help themselves to their pay out of what wealth I had on hand, and on no occasion was all of it taken. I was surprised at the proportion they left me.

While the travel along the coast by boat is so delightful, that of the interior of the country by carriage or cariole is equally so. Those who prefer *terra firma* to water think it exceeds in novelty and picturesqueness the travel along the coast.

The midnight sun is hard on those who cannot sleep by day. After several weeks of perpetual light many a traveller has found himself completely worn out. This has led many a one to revise the popular opinion that the blessed state is one of perpetual day,—where no darkness is. The Norwegians, having had experience of long periods of light and darkness, their opinion is entitled to respect; and they think that —given our present natures—in the blessed state light and darkness will alternate as in our latitude of the globe. Night has its blessings as well as day. May this not be true in realms above the physical nature of man? We strive for the perpetual day of happiness and joy; but out of the night of sorrow come our deepest and holiest experiences. Out of the broken hearts of humanity have come its sweetest, loftiest music, its highest aspirations, its noblest achievements. Not Eden, but Gethsemane, gave to the world the heroic, godlike soul.

Some also look forward to the time when, in the light of knowledge, faith shall have passed away,—faith, which is the going out of the mind and heart into the darkness of the unknown. But, however much knowledge may grow, the realm of faith will still compass it round about. It would be a sad day for mankind if there were no domain of the spirit where it could escape "the garish day."

Neither perpetual day nor perpetual night would be best for the body, mind, soul of man, but the happy mingling of the two, as the Almighty in his wisdom hath measured them out to us.

T. G. Milsted.

Trondhjem, Norway.

GRINDALL REYNOLDS.

Rev. Grindall Reynolds, D.D., died at his home in Concord, Mass., Sunday, at the age of seventy-one years. He was born in Franconia, N.H., Dec. 22, 1822, but moved to Boston at the age of four, receiving his education in the Boston schools. He went into business for a short time, after which he attended the Divinity School at Cambridge, class of 1847. He first preached in Jamaica Plain. He was called to the old First Parish Church of Concord in 1858, being the eleventh pastor of that church, which was founded in 1635. After one of the most successful pastorates that have ever been recorded, in 1882 he resigned his position to accept the office of secretary of the American Unitarian Association, which office he held at the time of his death. As the chief executive officer of this Association, he travelled very extensively the last twelve years, visiting churches of the denomination throughout the West and South.

In the old historic town he was beloved by every one, taking a great interest in all town meetings and affairs, and for a long time was chairman of the school committee. In the time of the war he was very active in the service of the Soldiers' Aid Society, of which his wife was president. At the public meetings held in these times none were considered perfect unless they had heard from Mr. Reynolds or Judge Hoar, with whom he was intimately associated. As a historian and literary man, Mr. Reynolds was very able, having the true genius of authorship. He wrote a "History of the Concord Fight," which was published; also the "History of Concord," contained in Drake's "History of Middlesex County." He also contributed articles to Johnson's Encyclopædia, and during the war wrote frequently for the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Mr. Reynolds was a member of the Social Circle, a society over a hundred years old, and wrote a number of the biographical sketches of the members who are dead. As vice-president of the Antiquarian Society of Concord, and member of the American Antiquarian Society, which has its head at Worcester, he did excellent work in the direction of historical sketches and researches. His last service to his beloved town was as chairman of the committee of which J. S. Keyes, C. H. Wolcott, Samuel Hoar, and George Tolman were members, appointed by the town to print the town records from the first period up to 1850. This work, although completed, has not been given to the public, waiting as it has for his final revision.

Mr. Reynolds received the degree of A.M. from Harvard College in 1860, and that of D.D. was conferred on him June 27, 1894.

HENRY C. BADGER.

A wreath for my brother's grave. He has passed away in the fulness of his fame, without sorrow or suffering, in a way he would have chosen to go above all others, but by the saddest of accidents to us who are left, as it deprives us of many years of his enjoyable companionship and usefulness.

He had long been troubled with a feeble heart-beat, often as low as forty a minute, whereby he had often foretold and anticipated his end in the way it came; yet it had worn so well in that feeble way for many years that he had ceased to fear its constant and ever-present danger.

He loved loneliness, and lived in such close communion with nature that for many summers he went off alone to those lonely lakes in New Hampshire near Wolfeboro, where at sundown on August 4, 1894, he was found dead in his boat, evidently from heart failure.

He was the last survivor, except myself, of the seven sons of Rev. Joseph Badger, of Mendon, N.Y., now Honeoye Falls, in the famous Genesee Valley, long considered the garden of the world, and in the first quarter of this century the "Far West." The family came from England to Newburyport, Mass., in 1641.

Joseph's record has been published, and is in many libraries, as the founder of the *Christian Palladium* at Rochester, N.Y., about 1820, the first religious paper in the Far West; and some two hundred

"Christian" churches growing from it constituted his monument, many of them bearing now illegible inscriptions, and some of them drifting backward into Orthodoxy, though Dr. Bellows once said they differed from Unitarians only by having a better name.

Antioch College at Yellow Springs, Ohio, was the highest blossom of those and other liberal Christian churches which sought to abolish sectarianism by taking no name but "Christians," because "the disciples were first called Christians at Antioch."

Horace Mann there received his aureole as its first president; and at the head of the first class he there graduated, in 1857, stood Henry Clay Badger and his most gifted and accomplished wife, then Miss Ada Shepard of Dorchester, Mass. They had both so distinguished themselves in the college life as to be offered at once two of the leading professorships,—his, Logic and Belle-lettres and English Literature, hers, Modern Languages. They each spent two years more in special preparation for those professorships, he in the Divinity School of Harvard College at Cambridge, Mass., and she in Italy, in the family of Nathaniel Hawthorne, where her accurate picture as Hilda in the "Marble Faun" has placed her among the immortals.

They were married in 1859, and held those professorships with honors for several years, till the untimely death of Horace Mann, when they returned to Boston, he as pastor of the East Cambridge Church, and afterward for several years at Cambridgeport and Dorchester, and she, later, to establish the Ladies' School known as the Newbury Street School in Boston. He also preached a year in New Bedford and a short time in New Orleans and San Francisco.

Their happy lives thereafter, with their four bright children, are well known, till her sad and untimely death in 1874 from an over-sensitive constitution resulting in nervous prostration and loss of reason.

Before the gravity of her illness could be fully realized by any one, she left her home secretly in mid-winter, took a steamer for New York at Fall River, and jumped into the sea off Newport. No further trace of her was ever found, though faithful search for months was continued. She left letters saying she had so acted, knowing she was insane, or soon to be so, and from fear of an asylum, where one of her sisters had been confined for a similar cause. The circumstances were so terrible for her bereaved husband, who was also of a highly nervous and over-sensitive constitution, that only the strongest intellect could have survived them.

That he did survive them was due mainly to her most affectionate letter to him, written with her last gleams of intelligence, appealing to his affection, and urging strongly his duty to the children, the youngest daughter a year old. Her sole idea was self-sacrifice to prevent being a wreck and burden to him, after their happy years; and this was expressed with such affection and so pathetically that no one could read it without tears.

It was a perfect protection to him and justification, if any should be needed, of his entire life with her; and its utter sincerity was shown by another letter she mailed to his most intimate friend and college chum, Cyrus Christie, then near Boston, saying, "The instant you get this come at once to my husband, who will need you in the greatest trial of his life."

That terribly tragedy, after so much happiness and romance, was the beginning of the end. He lived, but with a broken heart, which beat feebly from that hour. His intellect trembled from that blow for years, till finally, after two years as pastor of the church on Staten Island and five years at Ithaca, N.Y., he sought comparative seclusion for several years as an assistant in the Library of Harvard College, where, as curator of maps and charts, he has left a most valuable and enduring monument of his industry and learning in the great classification and index of all the geographical records of the world.

For two years past he has preached at New Haven; and, having a passion for college towns, he attempted to establish a Unitarian church there. Of that effort Judge Sheldon, a prominent citizen there, writes me:—

"We would all have done anything we could in reason have been asked to for him. His learning, his gentleness, his power of speech, his social, cordial ways, won for him a high place among the best of all who knew him here. His discourses have seldom been excelled for effectiveness. If he had had

the robust health of Beecher or Chapin, he would have been among the foremost preachers of his time. In the quality of his sermons he was great. The world seems poorer when such rare and beautiful souls leave us."

He has left many valuable writings, including a novel called "Bethlehem College," which may be published, giving all the romance of those Antioch days and of free life in the West.

His last public utterance was in the *Unitarian* for August last, on "True Prayer," and shows so well his clear and incisive thought and his bold and uncompromising theological position that I quote from it as follows:—

"Prayer is not all petition: it is also a listening, a recognition, a responding, an enlistment, an act of obedience, an effort to hear the Master's voice, to understand the message, and to win guidance and strength, that the attentive and loyal heart may obey it. . . .

"Darwin and Huxley give us magnificent displays of an unspoiled faith. God can hear without words. He can see without light. All science rests on faith. But true prayer, when we look at our modern civilization, and see the march of the ages, means humanity's worship, attuned to sing true to an ever-growing science with an ever-rising ideal or standard of life."

Also from his masterly review in the *Unitarian* of August, 1893, of Prof. R. F. Horton's "Verbum Dei," where, as he says, the head of the Yale Divinity School has bravely flung away the whole false theory of supernaturalism by the following radically new statement from that source:—

"Science is a word of God, and the poetic and rapturous perception of beauty in the universe is a word of God. They who shut their minds to the proved facts of science are closing their ears to the voice of God; and, when they do it in the interest of what they would call the word of God (the Bible), they are adding blasphemy to ignorance, and are numbered among the false prophets."

Yet Christ is still the great word of today, and of all coming days, and Unitarianism is still a part of Christianity, and therefore founded on Jesus Christ as its chief corner-stone, exalted rather than degraded by emergence from the Trinity.

That was my brother's last appeal, "to conquer the world for Jesus, exalted as the Christ, the eternal purpose, going forth backed by Infinite Power."

I was in Harvard when he went to Antioch; and I have always since regretted the divergence of our lives at that point, as we were previously inseparable.

He has left many literary gems, like his poetical tribute to Brooke Herford on his return to England, to Robert Collyer at seventy, and to Bryant at fourscore.

These fill the albums of many friends, and one of them shows so finely his delicate touch and soulful disposition that I transcribe two verses of

THE STREAMLET.

In a world full of heartlessness, wandering alone,
Where disaster and triumph thy pulses attune,
Be thou, O my heart, though unyielding as stone,
As gentle and genial as zephyrs in June.

I stretch on to regions of manly control,
Where love has no passion, and sorrow no pain;
To the land above sorrow, which only the soul
That has suffered and triumphed may hope to attain.
May my life like this streamlet in melody flow.
There are rocks in its course, there are foes in my way;
But obstructions grow gentle where soft mosses grow,
And the still touch of purity wears them away.

O childhood departed! O boyhood gone!
Shall my heart thy innocence know no more?
The billows of life come shouldering on,
And bear me away from that radiant shore.
Yet I linger oft o'er those glimmering scenes,
With a longing I scarce can understand
As a mariner long o'er the taffrail leans,
And yearns toward his vanishing native land.

So he departs in faith and hope, with the courage of his convictions, and fidelity unto death, and much of the same spirit and temper as the great Cardinal Newman, yet needing no one to write his "Apologia sua Vita."

"His armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill."

In his views he was both radical and conservative, as sincere men are apt to be. There is nothing so radical or so conservative as truth. It is a two-edged sword, which cuts to the correct line every time, and so wins the battle for both sides, and commands peace.

The future of the Unitarian church he had much at heart, and his hope was that, as the Christians had largely failed in their

bold attempt to abolish sectarian *names*, the Unitarians should continue to abolish the *realities* which those names represent, until Presbyterianism and Methodism, etc., should be but *empty shells*, and the frightful curse of Calvinism be thereby lifted from the human race.

William W. Badger.
178 Broadway, New York.

VACATION OVER! THE BENEFIT.

"There are days when one can see a thousand years."

Such days must be among the benefits of a vacation, and come as a result of mixing one's blood with sunshine, and letting the wind stir in one's pulses.

The long months of work and study have only half satisfied us with results; but now one day in vacation, when we have been for a time a fellow with the tree and grass and stone, the truth we sought flashes upon us. The fulness of time has come, and with it the vision we longed for and strove to get.

"Merely to bask and ripen is sometimes the student's wiser business." Newton, idling there in his garden, makes the great discovery of his age. Without that moment of idleness he might have continued striving for a lifetime; but, without the life of activity back of that vacation, apples might have continued falling to all eternity. When the direct revelation is sealed, sometimes the indirect will yield its flood of inspiration if one has the faith to wait for the gifts of the spirit. To "loaf and invite his soul" was the method of the "good gray poet" when waiting for the tides of the spirit. This one does during a vacation.

And so we take back from a vacation its gift of vision, and turn with joy to the new work of the year to gain its blessing, too, coming to it with the confidence of one who maketh the heaven of his hope his home.

O. J. F.
Bedford, Mass.

For ages happiness has been represented as a huge precious stone, impossible to find, which people seek for hopelessly. It is not so: happiness is a mosaic, composed of a thousand little stones, which separately and of themselves have little value, but which, united with art, form a graceful design.—*Mme. de Girardin.*

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

Sunday.

A Grateful Heart.

Last night I stole away alone to find
A mellow crescent setting o'er the sea,
And lingered in its light, while over me
Blew fitfully the grieving autumn wind.

And somewhat sadly to myself I said,
"Summer is gone," and watched how bright and fast
Through the moon's track the little waves sped past,—
"Summer is gone! Her golden days are dead.

"Yes, they are gone, they will return no more."
The slender moon went down, all red and still;
The stars shone clear; the silent dews fell chill;
The waves with ceaseless murmur washed the shore.

A low voice spake: "And wherefore art thou sad?
Here in thy heart all summer folded lies,
And smiles in sunshine, though the sweet time dies.
'Tis thine to keep forever fresh and glad!"

Yea, gentle voice, though the fair days depart,
And skies grow cold above the restless sea,
God's gifts are measureless, and there shall be
Eternal summer in the grateful heart.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

Monday.

The Heavenward Call.

What shall I do, my Lord, my God,
To make my life worth more to thee?
Within my heart, through earth abroad,
Deep voices stir and summon me.

Through strange confusions of the time
I hear thy beckoning call resound.
There is a pathway more sublime
Than yet my laggard feet have found.

My coward heart, my flagging feet,—
They hold me in bewildering gloom.
Come thou, my stumbling steps to meet,
And lift me unto larger room!

The dearest voice may lead astray.
Speak thou! Thy word my guide shall be.
Oh, not from life and men away,
But through them, with them, up to thee.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

TUESDAY.

Father, I need thee.

Father, I need thee! troubles abound,
Billows on billows break all around;
Hold out thy saving hand,
Help me in faith to stand;
Thou dost the waves command,—
I shall not sink.

Father, I need thee! dangers are near;
Thine arm around me, I will not fear.
Teach me thy voice to know,
Speaking so clear and low,—
"Fear not, with thee I go,
Thou shalt o'ercome!"

Father, I hear thee!—hear and obey,
Know thou art near me, near me alway,—
Near me when troubles lower,
Near in temptation's hour,
Near me, O Love and Power!
Yea, more than near!

Father, I trust thee! thou wilt defend,
Comfort, and guard me on to the end.
Still would I do my part,
Keep a brave, cheerful heart;
Since thou my helper art,
I shall not fall.

—*Samuel Longfellow.*

WEDNESDAY.

The Two Shores.

Upon the river's brink I stand,
Beside the rushing water's flow,
And look from off the shore I know,
The safe and dear familiar land,
Unto another shore, which lies

Mist-veiled beneath the crimsoning skies.
This is a shore, and that a shore.
Does the earth cease, to rise once more
Beyond the river's span?
Ah, no! the shores are clasped in one:
The same firm earth goes on, goes on
Though hidden for a little space
From eye or tread of man.

Upon another shore we stand,
Beside a darker water's flow,
And catch beyond the earth we know
Faint glimpses of another land
Dreaming in sunshine, half-descried
Beyond the rushing river tide.
It is life here, and life is there:
We look from fair things to most fair,
The river rolls between;
But, held and bound and clasped in one,
Immortal life goes on, goes on,
Though only from the farther strand
The union can be seen.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

THURSDAY.

Be True.

Thou must be true thyself
If thou the truth would'st teach;
Thy soul must overflow if thou
Another's soul would'st reach:
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

FRIDAY.

Resignation.

This wayward human heart of mine
Is learning now to see
That, whatsoever way I turn,
Each path leads up to Thee.

I used to think that I could choose
My road; but now I pray
That thou wilt take my hand in thine,
And lead me on my way.

I used to think that I could plan
My life, and call it mine;
But now I ask my human will
May be subdued to thine.

I suffer; but I do not doubt
Thy wisdom nor thy care,
Knowing that thou dost make for right
And goodness everywhere.

And so I trust; and, though my tears
May blind the present way,
I feel that with my hand in thine
I cannot go astray.

I call on thee, and not in vain:
Thou answerest to my heart.
I know where there is need of thee,
That there, O God, thou art!

—*Anna R. Taber.*

SATURDAY.

Into the Silent Land.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh, thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls! The future's pledge and band!
Who in life's duties firm doth stand,
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land.

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the dear departed,
Into the Silent Land.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The meeting of the National Unitarian Conference just held in Saratoga has made itself historic. We believe that in the future none since the first, in 1865, will rank as of equal influence upon the cause of Unitarianism in America. That which has given it its significance is the harmony with which, after nearly thirty years of compromise and divided sentiment as to the religious basis of the Conference, all parties have at last come together,—and come together not on a basis that is merely colorless and empty, and acceptable because meaning nothing, but upon one that is through and through positive, vital, charged with energizing and inspiring power. Indeed, as Dr. Hale well said, it is doubtful if ever since Christianity was born has any religious organization given to the world a statement that goes down deeper into the very heart of all living and eternal religion than this; while at the same time it leaves to every church connected with the Conference the perfect freedom of Congregationalism, and to every man and woman the perfect liberty of children of God.

The new constitution adopted by the Conference need not be given here in full. Its business provisions are essentially the same as those of the old. Its new and significant parts are the following:—

"*Preamble.*—The Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches was formed in the year 1865, with the purpose of strengthening the churches and societies which should unite in it for more and better work for the kingdom of God. These churches accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man. The Conference recognizes the fact that its constituency is Congregational in tradition and policy. Therefore, it declares that nothing in this constitution is to be construed as an authoritative test; and we cordially invite to our working fellowship any who, while differing from us in belief, are in general sympathy with our spirit and our practical aims.

"ARTICLE I. The churches and other organizations here represented unite themselves in a common body to be known as the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches."

From the above it will be seen that the Conference not only keeps the Christian name, but it does much more,—it declares that the churches forming the Conference "accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man." And, best of all, this basis was adopted, by the Conference, not only heartily, but *without one dissenting vote.*

It is clear that this extraordinary unanimity could not have been reached without two things, which had prepared the way for it. One was the wisdom of the preceding Conference in ordering that the report of the Committee on Revision should be made in print six months before it was to be acted upon. This allowed time for careful consideration in our churches, and full discussion in our denominational journals, thus helping everybody to a better understanding of the mind of the Unitarian body as a whole upon the subject. The second was an informal preliminary meeting called by Mr. George H. Ellis on Tuesday afternoon, for the purpose of comparing the various plans of revision that had been proposed in various quarters, with the hope of arriving at some plan that would be generally satisfactory. This meeting was attended by between one and two hundred of those members of the Conference who had manifested most interest in the revision question. At this meeting the Committee on Revision offered a new report, much changed

from that which they had submitted in print six months before. As the meeting went on and the minds of all present came to more and more full expression, it grew increasingly clear that upon this report a very large part of the Conference could agree. This was submitted to the full Conference the next day as the final perfected report of the committee, and adopted with the unanimity described above. As might be expected, the delight of the Conference was almost unbounded when this happy issue was reached; and the fervor with which that great company, at the conclusion of the vote, joined in the hymn of grateful joy,

"From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise,"

can never be forgotten.

And now that the wisdom and the grace have been given us to put aside small things and unite on the great, lifting up in the sight of all the world a banner the simplest and noblest that the religious thought of man has ever framed,—so noble, indeed, that more and more it must command the love and honor of mankind,—a great new opportunity and a corresponding new responsibility are placed before the Unitarian body in this country. Will we be equal to it? Let us now as one man, with a unity of purpose, a zeal, and a consecration such as we have never known, go forward to give our peerless gospel of reason and love and life to the world.

The recent Saratoga meeting was a notable one, not only on account of the action taken in connection with the new constitution, but by reason of the large attendance upon it, its thoroughly representative character, and the general excellence of its papers and addresses. We doubt if any preceding meeting of the Conference ever reached a higher intellectual or spiritual level. The meeting occurred so late in the month that it is impossible to give more than a very brief report of it. Indeed, in order to report it at all, we are obliged to delay our present issue several days beyond the time it ought to be in our subscribers' hands.

The Unitarian Club of Boston has issued an exceedingly bright and attractive "Unitarian Annual" for 1894-95, illustrated. Its eighteen pages are crowded with information about our Unitarian organizations, churches, work, and men, with pictures of a dozen of our most distinguished leaders, and quotations from the writings of thirty or forty more, setting forth the Unitarian gospel. The object of the "Annual" is to disseminate information, and especially to stir up our churches to greater missionary zeal. To this object it seems well adapted. May it be circulated by the ten thousand, and bear plentiful fruit!

In the *Forum* for September Rev. Dr. J. H. Barrows, president of the great Parliament of Religions of Chicago, calls attention to some of the results that are already appearing from that Parliament. He says: "The human race has been wofully divided, by national and other antipathies, especially by those of religion. It is remarkable, therefore, that the first universal council ever held, the first parliament of man, was a religious convention." The special preparations for this remarkable gathering were, Dr. Barrows thinks, "the almost universal spread of Christian missions; the rise and study of comparative religion; the wide use of the English language in the world; international facilities for travel; ample religious freedom in America, where Church and State are separated; the attractive opportunity afforded by a world's exposition; and much hard work, extending through more than three years." Besides the daily reports of the Parliament, which were carried by the Chicago papers to many millions of readers, we are told that the permanent reports, more or less complete, which have been published in bound volumes, have reached a sale of more than a hundred thousand, going to nearly all the libraries of the world. Naturally, one result of all this has been a wide-spread new interest in the study of comparative religion, not only in Christian, but to some extent also in non-Christian lands. Heretofore such study has been confined mainly to a very few scholars: now it is everywhere attracting the attention of educated people. Dr. Barrows thinks, too, that one of the chief ideas which the Parliament made luminous was a reunited Christendom, the preparation for a Christianized world. "Since the best religion must come

to the front,'' he says, ''may we not look to see the lines of human progress centring more and more in Christ, the unifier of mankind?''

The last English Unitarian papers bring word of the death, on September 2d, of Rev. John Hamilton Thom, a man of rare quality of spirit and rich learning, who for more than half a century has been among the most widely known and honored Unitarian ministers of England. He spent all his active life in Liverpool, having been minister of the Renshaw Street Chapel for thirty-six years, from 1831 to 1867; and, although he did not have charge of a congregation after the last-named date, he yet continued active religious, literary, and philanthropic work in Liverpool up almost to the time of his death. Besides being a gifted preacher, he did much valuable work with his pen, contributing extensively to the *Prospective, National and Theological Reviews*, and other liberal periodicals, and giving to the public a number of books, among the most important of which were the ''Life of Blanco White'' in 1845, a ''Commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians'' in 1851, a treatise on ''Christ the Revealer'' in 1859 (enlarged in 1879), the ''Life and Letters of John James Tayler'' in 1872, and a volume of sermons of rare spiritual power, entitled ''Laws of Life after the Mind of Christ,'' in 1883. Prof. Alexander Gordon, in a fine article upon Mr. Thom in the London *Christian Life*, says of him: ''Though he was never in the broad or popular sense of the word a public man, yet his teaching has moulded many lives to the finest issues, and the powerful and finished thoughts embodied in his calm and masculine writings have struck their roots into the souls of a long succession of grateful readers. Those who at any time were privileged in any degree to come under the elevating spell of his mingled dignity and grace will reverently confess their ineffaceable debt to a spirit unique in its quality.''

The death of Mr. Thom inevitably calls to mind one of the most marked events in the history of English Unitarianism; namely, the famous ''Liverpool Controversy'' of 1839. Thirteen clergymen of the Established Church united to deliver a course of lectures entitled ''Unitarianism Confuted,'' with a view to checking the growth and influence of the dangerous heresy in that city. The challenge thus thrown out was promptly accepted by the three Unitarian ministers then settled in Liverpool, Rev. James Martineau, Rev. Henry Giles, and Rev. John Hamilton Thom, who delivered thirteen lectures in reply. These lectures were listened to by very large audiences, and attracted attention all over England. The portly volume, entitled ''Unitarianism Defended,'' which contained them, soon became a Unitarian classic, and was perhaps as complete and able a statement and defence of Unitarian doctrine in its earlier form as has ever been made. In this series of lectures Mr. Thom gave four, upon ''The Practical Importance of the Unitarian Controversy,'' ''Christianity not the Property of Critics and Scholars, but the Gift of God to All Men,'' ''The Unscriptural Origin and Ecclesiastical History of the Doctrine of the Trinity,'' and ''The Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth, who dwelleth in us, and teacheth all things.'' All three of the preachers were young at the time, but their powerful discourses lifted them up at once into wide public notice. Each had afterward a distinguished career; and one, the greatest of the three, and perhaps the greatest theologian and philosopher that England has produced this century, Mr. Martineau, still lives, at the ripe age of nearly ninety years.

As we go to press comes the sad news of the death, at his home in Concord, Mass., of Rev. Grindall Reynolds, secretary of the American Unitarian Association. His loss will be felt throughout the length and breadth of the land, for he was known and honored wherever Unitarian opinions have been promulgated. Tireless as a worker, wise indeed as a counsellor, skilful as an administrator, faithful and true to every trust, he was the friend, adviser, helper, and confidant of all.

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but, when a man makes gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.—*Lowell.*

Departments.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The following item is of interest as showing how energetic some of the Sunday-school work is in the West:—

"The 'chapel cars' that have been run in the West by one or two denominations have now been followed by a Sunday-school car, the 'Good News,' which has been built and fitted up, at a cost of about $8,000, to propagate Sunday-school work throughout the West. Its use is given free by a man who withholds his name at present; and a corps of competent Sunday-school workers will travel on it from place to place, holding services in each town and village."

It is somewhat needful for us to lift up our eyes from our own work and look about, in order to understand that, while we think the world moves, there is still need of a little more push. The paragraph below was quoted in the *Watchman* (Baptist) from another paper without any comments; but the smile of the *Watchman* editor is very evident. In our Unitarian Sunday-school addresses we are only too glad to have the views and presence of women, experts as they are so frequently in this department:—

"We announced last week the withdrawal of Rev. Carter Helm Jones and ourself from the programme of the Kentucky Sunday School Union Convention at Russellville because two ladies were to make addresses there before the public mixed assembly. We are glad to announce that those having the matter in charge promptly changed the programme, removing the objection; and thereupon we both agreed to make the speeches according to appointment."

The Congregational Sunday School Superintendents' Union of Boston took for the subject of its opening session this season, "Why are Massachusetts Congregational Sunday-schools losing Membership and Influence, while Other Denominations are gaining?" So far as we can judge from a report of the meeting, the expression of opinion seemed to be that the Congregational Sunday-schools needed more enthusiasm and the adoption of better methods. The Episcopalian Sunday-schools are fairly prosperous, and it is owing to the fact that they take great pains to make their work thorough and interesting. Yet, with all respect to our friends in that denomination, there are greater possibilities of variety and attractiveness in the Congregational way of handling Sunday-schools than in the more formal and catechetical habits of the Episcopalians. The source of trouble discussed above lies, probably, in the lack of wholeheartedness and appreciation of the Sunday-school cause. It might be said that that is true of the Unitarian Sunday-school constituency.

The annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society will be held at an interesting place,—Newport, R.I., in the Channing Memorial Church (Rev. George W. Cutter, pastor). The beauty and the associations of the city create special interest, but the programme of exercises promises to furnish sufficient inducements for a large attendance. At the opening session on Wednesday evening, October 24, Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., will give the chief address. Subject, "The Place in Modern Training of Religious and Moral Instruction."

Dr. Abbott will treat this subject on high ranges of thought, and yet, no doubt, with practical applications of the theme. The sessions on the next day, Thursday, forenoon and afternoon, will be filled by leading speakers, some of them being Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mr. Edwin D. Mead, Rev. George C. Cressey, Rev. Stephen H. Camp, and one or two others yet to be announced. The subjects treated will be of vital importance to all, whether in or out of Sunday-schools, who are interested in the religious and moral instruction of the young. Some of the topics assigned are "The Power of Personality in the Teacher," "Our own History in the Sunday-school," "The Duty of the Church to the Sunday-school," "The Duty of the Sunday-school to the Church." By the generosity of our Newport friends all individuals who wish to go will be entertained on Wednesday night. This is an exception to the general rule, for such hospitality overnight is commonly limited to delegates and life members. Those churches and Sunday-schools contributing the past year to the treasury of the Unitarian Sunday School Society are entitled to three delegates each, with full powers to vote and discuss business. To all others full privileges of participation, except with regard to voting and debate of business. Special rates will be made over the various branches of the Old Colony system.

Another tract has been added to the series for free distribution published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, being No. 4. Subject, "What is needed to make a Successful Sunday-school?" by Rev. Earl M. Wilbur of Portland, Ore. This is a very inspiring and helpful word from one of our most successful Sunday-school workers. Copies can be had by applying or writing for the same.

The Channing Hall "Talks" were resumed September 22, Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford taking the Intermediate and Advanced, and Miss A. C. Dockham the Primary. The subject this winter is "The Life of Jesus," now appearing in the one-topic graded system.

The readers of the *Unitarian* are reminded again that the president of the Unitarian Sunday School Society is very glad to consult with workers in the field. The

society which he represents realizes that an important part of its work lies in that direction, and he trusts that there will be frank and ready application on the part of any one who desires such advice or help. The following extract is from one of many letters received during the year acknowledging the help which the Unitarian Sunday School Society gave in missionary and co-operative ways: "Your kindness to our little Sunday-school and the valued assistance of the Sunday School Society will not be forgotten. Without them the society could hardly have been able to carry the additional expense of a Sunday-school."

EDWARD A. HORTON.

GUILDS.

CONTENTMENT.

Essay by Robena Waterman.

My first object is to suggest some antidote against the many ways of tormenting one's self.

For instance, a great deal of fretting might be avoided by the conviction that there is no such thing as unmixed good in the world. A great many men, ignorant of this fact, after having made a free choice in a matter, find many causes for blaming their judgment. One has had the colors red and black set before him, and is not satisfied because he failed to choose pure white. Shenstone has faithfully worked out the whole process.

We are oftentimes in suspense betwixt the choice of different pursuits. We choose one at last, doubtingly, but with an unconquered hankering after the other. We find the scheme which we have chosen answer our purposes but indifferently, as most worldly projects will. We therefore repent of our choice, and immediately fancy happiness in the paths which we decline, and this heightens our uneasiness. We might at least escape the aggravation of it. It is not improbable that we would have been more unhappy, but extremely probable that we would have been not less so had we made a different decision.

Over-sensitiveness about what people may say regarding you or your actions causes a great amount of discomfort. This requires to be blunted. You must consider whether anything you can do will have much connection with what they will say; and, besides, it is doubtful whether they really will say anything about you. Many unhappy persons seem to imagine that they are always in a public exhibition with all the world as spectators, whereas all the time they have been playing to empty benches. They fancy, too, that they are the particular theme of every passer-by. If, however, they must listen to imaginary conversations about themselves, they might defy the proverb, and hear themselves well spoken of. But suppose it is no fancy, and you really are the object of unmerited gossip, what then? In that case, I do not think the abuse can touch you. If you are guiltless, it ought not to hurt your feelings any more than if it were about some other person whom you do not even know. It would do great injury if this unjust talk about you were believed by those people whose good opinions are of importance to you. But, to bear up against it, you must form some just estimate of its nature and extent.

We might measure it by the worldly harm it does us. We must not let our imagination conjure up all sorts of hateful things. It is partly our own fault if the people who know us well believe it. That should be a circle where no poisoned dart can reach us. But for the injury done in the world's estimation, it is a piece of ill-fortune, and it would not be wise to moan much over it.

If we do not meet with the gratitude which we expect, a little thought will keep us from being discontented. If we could only measure our expectations of gratitude by the amount of benevolence we expend, we would not so quickly call people ungrateful. But many people place such value on any service they may render, it is not odd they are discontented with what they receive in return, which nevertheless may be as much as they deserve. Besides, many people expect from gratitude what only affection can give.

There are many ways, I think, in which we can console ourselves when we think we are not as much esteemed as we should be. We must remember that most people do not look for anybody's merits or admire them, unless they happen to come in their way. If a person did not justly appreciate your merits, I am sure it would not be at all pleasant to hear him praise them. We must consider how few people have the opportunity of forming a just judgment of us. Then we must remember how very few of these are persons whose judgment would influence us in other matters; and we must conclude that these people do estimate us fairly, though we may never hear of it.

We all seek sympathy, and wish the world to recognize our talents and labors; but this craving may become morbid unless we constantly keep it in check by reflecting upon its vanity or thinking of the different and higher motives which should govern us.

Helps said truly:—

"Man has fallen into a pitiable state of moral sickness, in whose eyes the good opinion of his fellow-men is the test of merit,

and their applause the principal reward for exertion."

A habit of mistrust is a torment to some people. It taints their love and their friendship. They take up small causes of offence. They expect their friends to be exactly the same at all times, which is more than human nature can do. They try to find out if they are sufficiently loved. They watch the effects of absence upon their friends, and wish these friends to prove that their intimacy is upon the same footing as before. Some persons acquire these suspicious ways through a natural diffidence, for which they are often loved the more. And they might find comfort in that if they would only believe it. But in others these habits arise from selfishness, and they should try to uproot such a disposition.

Contentment abides with truth. We generally suffer for wishing to appear other than what we are, whether it be richer, greater, or more learned. The delusion soon becomes a torture.

A great aid to contentment is fit objects to employ the intervals of life. The life of many a man is a sort of listless apathy. He is either grinding or doing nothing. A man who is half of his life fiercely busy generally spends the other half in idleness. A person should have some pursuits which he can at any time turn to.

But the most fatal idleness is that of the heart, and the man that is weary of life may be sure he does not love his fellow-creatures as he ought.

You will never be content as long as you think the events of this life of so much importance. Many people do this, and they make themselves very uncomfortable through it. They regard external things as the only realities; and, so long as they have made their home here, they must have it arranged to suit them. In all they undertake they feel the anxiety of a gambler, not the calmness of a laboring man. It is not the motives for their endeavor which concerns them, but the success or failure of their efforts. An Epicurean says, "It will be all the same a hundred years hence." But a truly religious man exhorts them to extend their hopes to the future.

But the others are thinking only of the present, though they do not enjoy it any more for all that. So they go on planning, fretting, and contending until an event about which they have felt the least anxious sweeps them away from the face of the earth.

It is not for me to give or quote any specifics for real afflictions, except to say that, as long as there is anything to be done in a matter, the time for grieving has not come. But, when the subject for grief is inevitable, sorrow is to be borne like pain; and we must remember that it is the lot, the trial, and the privilege of man. And, surely, the reliance on divine goodness, and our full belief in another world, should console us against the under-current of vexations which is not wanting in the smoothest life.

Rev. W. R. G. Mellen of Colorado Springs, Col., writes that a young people's religious society will be organized in the Unitarian church this fall.

The society at Bolton, Mass., is soon to observe its first anniversary, having had a helpful year's work, we believe.

The new recording secretary of the National Guild Alliance is Mrs. Laura B. Martine of Dorchester. By mistake our last issue gave another name in connection with the office. The secretary has a timely notice to guilds in the *Christian Register* of September 13 in regard to reporting names of delegates and minister to her, in order to become members of the Alliance. She says further, "Asserting that the future Unitarian churches depend upon the zeal and energy of our present young people, it behooves all who have not formed young people's societies to do so, that our young people may be educated and interested to promote even better living and better work in the future than has been accomplished in the past."

Already guilds must be selecting subjects for meetings for the ensuing year. It would be interesting to many to have published extracts from these lists, and later a combined lot of topics could be issued to circulate among both old and new organizations. Accordingly, send lists to the president and secretary.

Rev. N. S. Seaver writes in regard to guild work in Millbury, Mass., that the study of "Noble Lives" was "an encouraging success." Forty subjects were chosen, and a programme for nine months laid out. Attendance and interest were well kept up to the last meeting. Texts were given at meetings, and the golden text was recited in concert at the close. Biographical quotations were given each time.

B. R. Bulkeley.

UNITY CLUBS.

Inquiries are frequently made for good plays, such as are suitable to give in church vestries and before Unity Clubs. Similar inquiries are made for entertainments which are tasteful and of a good character. Will any who can help us to answer such queries send us word of such plays, tableaux, panto-

mimes, or other entertainments as they have tried and know to be of a wholesome nature? The clubs and other societies can help each other very much by contributing of their experience and knowledge in this way. The results of our inquiries will be published for the benefit of all in due time. Address all replies to Geo. W. Cooke, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

The literary class of the Unity Club of Lynn, Mass., devotes nine evenings to the study of "Colonial Massachusetts." These studies follow those of last year on the beginnings of American history. The programme is prepared with the same care and thoroughness, and gives ample references. The subjects to be considered are "The Struggle between France and England," "Politics and Society from 1700 to 1750," "Causes of the Revolution," "British Policy," "Resistance of the People," "Outbreak of Hostilities," "Siege of Boston," "Lights and Shades of Religion and Politics," "Types of Patriotism." The fourth evening will be devoted to a dramatic representation, in four scenes, of the debates in the House of Commons during January and March, 1766.

The Unity Club of Seattle, Wash., is to devote nineteen evenings to lectures on the social questions of the day. Among the subjects to be considered are "Labor Unions and Strikes," "Profit-sharing and Co-operation," "Single Tax," "Scientific Charity," "Temperance Question," "Immigration," "Prison Reform," and "Child-saving." The programme gives an excellent list of authorities and works of reference under each topic. It is not announced in any way on the printed outline by whom the lectures are to be given. To outsiders this seems to be a serious defect, for it leaves one quite in doubt as to how the course is to be managed.

At Lancaster, N.H., Rev. A. N. Somers, minister of the Unitarian church, has devised an admirable scheme of University Extension lecturing. He is to give in his Church, on Wednesday evenings, twenty-four lectures on the leading questions of the day, divided into six sub-groups of three and five lectures each. The first sub-group is devoted to problems in popular science, and gives a lecture each to the Relations of Science to Invention, Bacteriology, the Germ Theory of Disease, and Nutrition. The fourth sub-group gives five lectures to problems in sociology. The special topics are the co-operative Law in Nature and Society, Labor Problem of To-day, The Defective and Delinquent Classes in Society, Workingmen and Old Age Endowments, and Domestic Economy as a Science. Each lecture is intended to be short and pointed, notes are to be taken by the hearers, discussion is to follow the lecture, and class drill is to be made use of in order to fix the subjects in the mind of the student. This effort of Mr. Somers's to introduce the University Extension in connection with his church work is admirable in every way, and deserves the heartiest support on the part of the people of Lancaster. George W. Cooke.

LITERARY NOTES.

"God and Christ."—This is the title of a volume of sermons by Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, LL.D. We have not yet received the book, but understand that it will be for sale at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, in a few days; and, as Dr. Brooke is shortly expected in this country, we are sure this volume, which will give an opportunity for closer insight into the lofty temples in which the poet-preacher's spirit loves to dwell, will be heartily welcome. Anything written by Dr. Brooke is sure to have a high literary value over and above its merit as regards skilful handling of the difficult themes of theology. A proper review may be expected in our next issue.

We are glad to announce that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are to add a volume on "George William Curtis" to their excellent "American Men of Letters" series. The writer of the volume is Edward Cary. It will be ready this fall.

Oliver Wendell Holmes recently passed his eighty-fifth birthday. He is in good health, and does considerable work.

The notices of Kidd's "Social Evolution" and Drummond's "Ascent of Man" which we promised last month have been unavoidably delayed until this. But perhaps they will not be less enjoyed for the delay.

Under the title of "A College Town Pulpit," Rev. J. T. Sunderland of Ann Arbor, Mich., has begun the publication of a series of monthly sermons. Price 50 cents a year, 5 cents a number. The subjects of the first two sermons (for September and October) are "The Soul's Cry for God" and "Jesus as Humanity's Ideal." Subscriptions are solicited. These sermons will be furnished in quantities of ten or more to Post-Office Missions and churches at special reduced rates.

The September number of the *New World* is up to the level of its predecessors, to say which is high praise. The following is its list of articles: "Universal Religion," by John W. Chadwick; "The Influence of Philosophy upon Greek Social Life," by Alfred W. Benn; "Animism and Teutonic Mythology," by P. D. Chantepie de la Saus-

saye; "The Roots of Agnosticism," by James Seth; "Giordano Bruno's 'Expulsion of the Beast Triumphant,'" by W. R. Thayer: "The Service of Worship and the Service of Thought," by C. F. Dole; "The Resurrection of Jesus," by Alfred Réville; "Truth as apprehended and expressed in Art," by G. F. Genung; also about fifty pages of carefully written book reviews.

Mr. Edward Emerson of Concord, Mass., the son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, has recently been lecturing in London. One of his subjects is "Thoreau," a name of growing interest in England. He has also been speaking on his father's correspondence with John Sterling,—a series of letters never given to the world, but which, we are told, the London publishers are trying to get hold of for publication.

An English translation of Count Goblet D'Alviella's work on "The Migration of Symbols" will be published soon. His book on "The Contemporary Evolution of Religious Thought" is known in this country, as is his series of Hibbert Lectures delivered in 1891 on "The Origin and Growth of the Idea of God." His new work covers a fresh field, and will be looked for with interest.

"The Life of Frances Power Cobbe," by herself, in two volumes, is promised us soon from the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Perhaps no woman in England of the present generation has made herself so strongly felt in connection with social and religious progress as Miss Cobbe. Her autobiography cannot fail to be a work of great interest and value.

We called attention a few months ago to the new "Cambridge Edition" of Longfellow, which, in a single volume of good type and not large enough to be cumbrous, includes the complete poetical writings of Longfellow, most admirably edited, indexed, etc. We are glad to be able to say that a similar edition of Whittier has now been issued at the same low price of $2.00. This answers a great need, as up to this time, in order to get all of Whittier's poetical writings, one was compelled to buy several volumes. The publishers are Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Good Sense in Religion." Eleven Lectures. By Rev. Henry R. Rose. Universalist Publishing House. Boston and Chicago. Price $1. By mail $1.10.—In his preface the writer says: "This volume tries to answer the question, 'If a person use good sense in considering the fundamental and vital subjects of religion and theology, to what conclusions will he come?'" The subjects of the lectures are "Reason in Religion," "The Bible," "God," "Evolution," "Man," "Jesus Christ," "Salvation," "Hell," "Annihilation," "Immortality," "Heaven." It would be hard to find a book giving a stronger or clearer popular presentation of the views now generally held by the best Universalist and Unitarian writers on the above subjects. So far as doctrine is contained, the book might just as well have been published by the American Unitarian Association. It is one more proof, and one of the most telling that has come to hand, that the two denominations are essentially one in thought. The work should be circulated widely by both Universalists and Unitarians.

"L'Évangéliste," by Alphonse Daudet (published by F. T. Neely, New York and Chicago, paper), presents a vivid picture of the pain and heartache too often marking the course of what is even to-day called religion. Revivalistic methods and all unnatural, nerve-exciting, over-emotional forms of worship are here pictured as leading not to fuller religious life, but merely to a physical state of nervous excitement often bordering but too closely on insanity. The book is strongly written, and now that it is put into the hands of English readers cannot fail to suggest pertinent queries as to the nature of some of the so-called "religious experiences" urged upon Christians, American as well as French.

"Evolution: What is it? and What of it?" By J. F. Morse.—This is a pamphlet of ninety-two pages. The first eighty pages are devoted to the two questions, "What is Evolution?" and "Why should we study Evolution?" and the last twelve pages are given to a sermon by Prof. F. G. Peabody of Cambridge, Mass., upon "Creation waiting for the Sons of God." Prof. Peabody's sermon has been in print before, and is a fine treatment of the religious aspects of the evolutionary philosophy. Mr. Morse's part of the book gives a clear statement of reasons why the doctrine of evolution must be accepted, and why it should be welcomed, not feared or fought against, by religion. It has evidently been written more especially for the benefit of those well-meaning but conservative Christian people who know just enough about evolution to be prejudiced against it, but not enough to see its truth and religious value. Published by Mauro & Wilson, Burlington, Ia. Price 40 cents.

"The Diseases of the Will." By Th. Ribot. Translated from the eighth French edition by Merwin-Marie Snell. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. pp. 134.

Price 75 cents.—This is an attempt to deduce, from a study of its anomalies, some conclusions regarding the normal state of the will. The subject is treated from the purely materialistic standpoint. The will is resolved into volitions. Volitions are regarded as psychological, and are declared *not to be the cause of anything.* The principal factor in volition is character; but character is only the psychic expression of an individual organism, and individuality is only a state of the organism. In every voluntary act there are two elements,—an "I will," a mental act which has in itself no efficacy in producing action, and a very complex psycho-physiological mechanism in which resides the whole power to act; and this power is purely physical. Yet this will is declared to be *the own very self*, and the highest force which nature has yet developed, the last consummate blossom of all her marvellous works. Man as an efficient force is thus a purely physical being in a physical universe.

Like other members of his school, Ribot does not attempt to deduce his conclusions by logical processes from well-established premises. Rather both premises and conclusions are assumptions into which the illustrations which compose the body of the book are made to fit. For one who is able to take the illustrations and draw his own conclusions the work will prove valuable.

Charles G. Ames, the successor to James Freeman Clarke in the Church of the Disciples, Boston, has quietly surprised his friends by preparing for publication in book form a series of four studies of "inward culture," which are so simple, and yet so striking, that the little volume must gain hosts of readers. The title of the volume, "As Natural as Life," shows that Mr. Ames deems the higher plane of being the normal plane, and he would make the path as simple as it is natural. We shall review the book next month. It contains 109 pages, and is published by James H. West, 174 High Street, Boston, price fifty cents.

"Lessons on the Acts of the Apostles." By W. W. Fenn. Boston: Sunday School Society.—This is a class text-book, most carefully prepared, and containing no less than forty lessons, all of a critical character, designed to give the student an insight into the difficult study of text, references, genuineness of authorship, etc. The work is skilfully arranged for the needs of younger as well as more advanced scholars, with explanatory notes, questions, and commentary. Though decidedly scholarly and analytical in its treatment, it is still intended to be of use to those who simply seek a better, braver, more faithful way of life, like that of the first disciples.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

Rev. Caroline E. Norris, late of the Universalist Church, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon her qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that she is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Rev. Edward R. Dinsmore, late of the Congregational Church, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
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Algona, Ia.—Rev. Thomas P. Byrnes, pastor of the Unitarian church in Humboldt, Ia., conducted morning and evening services in the Congregational church at Algona Sunday, July 29. On Monday evening, July 30, Rev. Mr. Byrnes gave to the Algona people an interesting lecture on Wendell Phillips.

Boston, Mass.—In spite of all the array of pros and cons regarding church vacations, the practical tendency on the part of the congregations of the large cities is still evidently toward leaving the churches for the beaches, whether the churches remain open or shut. Even the reopening of the public schools has not yet brought back all the families. Still, the churches are nearly all resuming services. Special opening discourses are announced by ministers returned from European travel, and all sorts of ideal courses of Sunday-school instruction are being broached. It has evidently been a

season of rejuvenation and accumulation of spiritual energy, to judge from the following announcements of topics taken from one Saturday evening paper: "The Right Way of Doing Some Good Things," "Six Months of Christianity," "Religion for America," "The Kind of Men who get on," "Man's Best Service to his Fellowman," "New World Radicalism," "Noticeable American Tendencies in Vacation Time," "Starting Anew," "The Soldier, the Seer, and the Prophet." We have omitted several topics, taking it for granted that the ministers who announced the following subjects had been kept at work all summer: "The Empty Vine," "Satolli as a Crawfish."

We find that one of our own best known Boston ministers has prepared during the summer an exceedingly acceptable volume, which will furnish delightful hours to his host of friends. We feel sure that all who know the writer will recognize the fine spirit that moves in this volume, and feel that it is "Natural as Life." Mention of the book and further particulars will be found in our "Literary Notes." Among the good things that have been prepared for the coming season's work, the Unitarian Club has taken a new departure, and a very capital one, in publishing for free distribution an exceedingly taking little pamphlet entitled "Unitarian Annual." It is so brightly pleasing in its appearance and contents that no one taking it up can fail to read it through. The illustrations of Unitarian leaders are excellent; and the general idea of what Unitarianism is and is doing to be gathered from this pamphlet seems to be so clear and attractive as to make it the very thing for broadcast missionary scattering.

Bolton, Mass.—A unique service was held in the Unitarian church here on Sunday afternoon, September 16. It was a service observed in commemoration of the seventieth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. Thomas T. Stone, D.D. Dr. Stone, who is nearly ninety-four years of age, was for many years minister of this parish, and now resides here, beloved by all. At the services Dr. Stone made a forcible address, speaking in glowing terms of his own life-long joy in his profession. He said, if he could live over again his long span of life, there was no other field of work he should prefer. He declared that the monstrous divorce between religion and morality was to be preached against, and religious morality enforced. Dr. Stone has had settlements at the old First Church, Salem, and other churches. There was a large attendance of ministers from the neighboring towns.

Chelsea, Mass.—Sent to the pupils in the Sunday-school: "Dear Friend,—Our church and Sunday-school will reopen September 9, and we hope to see you present on our opening day. We hope, too, that you will be very regular in your attendance this year, and will not stay away for trifling causes; for it is hard for your teachers to make the work interesting if you are often absent. We want you to tell your father and mother that we would like to see them oftener in the Sunday-school, and hope that they will help us this winter with their presence and influence.

"We would like to add fifty more pupils to the school, and we urge each one of you to try hard to bring in at least *one* new pupil this season.

"Pew 68 is the Sunday-school pew; and, if you or your parents have no regular seat, we shall be glad to welcome you there at all services. Margaret B. Barnard, Supt. Unitarian Sunday-school."

Chicopee, Mass.—Great satisfaction is expressed by all in our convenient and beautiful church building, which was dedicated a year ago last Easter, at which time our present pastor, Rev. Cary F. Abbott, was installed. During the past year, owing to the convenience and admirable facilities of our church, more meetings, social and religious, have been held than ever before. It has been a great encouragement to the society to have this pleasant home, and a spur to renewed activity.

Among the interesting features of our church work is the Day Nursery. This new movement, which has been in operation for the past twelve months, is meeting with appreciation on the part of the mothers whose children it provides for. From ten to twelve little ones, from three months to five years of age, spend every working day in this home while their mothers are at their employment in the mills. Much of the real benefit to the children is due to the peculiar fitness of the matron, Miss Collins, to her difficult duties.

Concord, N.H.— Regular services were resumed at the Unitarian church September 2. The church is well filled every Sunday, and there is a good attendance in the Sunday-school. The school voted to study the lessons on the Old Testament this winter.

Miss Mary Ann Downing and Mr. George L. Stratton were chosen by the society as delegates to the National Conference at Saratoga.

The annual contribution to the Unitarian Sunday School Society taken this month amounted to $23.28 from the society and $20 from the Sunday-school, the amount contributed by the Sunday-school to constitute Rev. and Mrs. F. L. Phalen life members of the society.

Fayette, Ia.—The *Evening Call* of this place prints a sermon by Rev. H. Lewellen on "Crimes against Boys and Young Men," in which the preacher urges strongly the evil effects of the use of tobacco, and par-

ticularly cigarettes, by boys and young men. The array of facts which he presented was very startling, and ought to open many eyes to one of the most serious evils of our time.

Hopedale, Mass.— At both churches good congregations have gathered since vacation, and, judging by the enthusiasm manifested, there is every prospect of a full and profitable year of religious activity before us. At Hopedale the Sunday-school begins more vigorously than ever. Only a few changes in teachers have been made. This year instead of the alphabetical texts we shall build the "character monument." The evening services promise to be especially interesting. A large number of persons have promised to contribute papers and addresses on themes which cannot fail to be as profitable as they will be ably handled. The choir also continues large and enthusiastic, while the guild begins its work this year with several new members, causing the guild-room to be almost too small for comfort. The ladies' sewing society has met with good attendance, and work is being planned for the coming year. At no time in the history of the parish has there been such real willingness on the part of all members to do their share of the work, and accept each his part of the responsibility. At Mendon the interest is also encouraging. Here the young people are coming forward to make the old church glad, and to bring back some of the prosperity of former days. In the Sunday-school a "one-lesson system" is to be adopted, Miss L. Darling giving the instruction to the whole school, excepting the primary department. The ladies' circle meets regularly. It met with Miss Sara Staples on Thursday, September 13. There was an excellent attendance, and much interest shown in the work of the coming year.

Hyde Park, Mass.—E. Q. S. Osgood, after a pastorate of four years, has resigned from the ministry of the Unitarian church here, the resignation to take effect December 1. Mr. Osgood, who is very much beloved, gives up his pulpit for the purpose of devoting himself to private tutoring.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—Mr. Silas Hubbard, one of the oldest and best known citizens of Kalamazoo, whose recent gift of $20,000 made possible the erection of the new Unitarian church here, died on September 9, at the age of eighty-two years. He was highly esteemed in the community, and leaves behind him a noble monument in the new church edifice, which will be dedicated in a few weeks. On September 16 memorial services were held in his honor, at which a memorial hymn was sung, suggested by his dying words to his children, which were, "Do all the good you can." The hymn was written by Rev. Miss Bartlett.

Kansas City, Mo.—Rev. J. E. Roberts of the Unitarian church has just been made the recipient of a fine horse and phaëton as the result of a voting contest planned by the Kansas City *World* to ascertain the most popular minister of the city.

Lawrence, Kan.—A terrible blow has just fallen upon the home of our Unitarian minister here, Rev. C. G. Howland. On Sunday morning, September 9, his eldest daughter, Marcella, died, after a brief but painful illness. She graduated from the university here in '91, and the next year was a graduate student at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. She was a pure-minded, noble, and talented young woman, with prospects of great usefulness before her. The sympathies of a wide circle of friends, not only in Lawrence, but in many other places, will be with the bereaved father, mother, and younger sister.

Lynn, Mass.— The Unitarian society begins its Sunday services again with renewed activities. One of the most appreciated subdivisions of our work last year was a literary class under the able leadership of Rev. S. B. Stewart. So much interest has been expressed in the continuance of this class that a printed pamphlet has been issued, giving a careful detailed outline for the winter's course. This is really a very valuable document, as the most complete and discriminating references are given. The course covers the period of Colonial history from 1700–76. The general subjects treated will be: "Struggle between France and England," "Causes of the Revolution," "British Policy," "Resistance of the People," "Siege of Boston," "Types of Patriotism."

Manchester by the Sea, Mass.—The new movement among the owners of summer homes here to establish Unitarian services has been so successful that steps have been taken which will probably lead to the building of a church at an early date.

Pittsfield, Mass.— The church here is kept open all the year round. The four Sundays our pastor was away were supplied by Rev. W. W. Fenn and two of our laymen, Messrs. Birks and Fisher. We also had the pleasure for the first time since the church was started to listen to excellent sermons from Rev. Edward E. Hale and Rev. John W. Chadwick. Unity Church notes appear regularly in both of our dailies every Monday evening, thus keeping the work of the church before the public.

Providence, R.I.—The vesper services at the Westminster Church, which were so well attended last year, will begin again in October.

In order to promote hospitality, a com-

mittee has been formed, consisting of two seat-holders on each aisle of the church. It is intended to be the business of this committee to welcome any strangers attending the church services. The class of young people in the Sunday-school, led by the pastor, Rev. Herbert Mott, is to study the arguments in support of the doctrine of the Trinity as contrasted with Unitarian views.

San Francisco, Cal.—On Sunday, September 9, Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr., was ordained and installed as associate minister of the First Unitarian Church of this city. A large congregation was present. Rev. G. R. Dodson of Alameda read the Scriptures; Rev. Leslie W. Sprague offered the first prayer; Rev. C. W. Wendte of Oakland preached the sermon; and Rev. Dr. Stebbins, who has been the minister of the church for thirty years, offered the prayer of ordination and made an address to the people. Rev. Thomas L. Eliot, the father of the minister ordained, gave the charge; and Rev. Roderick Stebbins of Milton, Mass., son of Dr. Stebbins, gave the right hand of fellowship. Hon. Horace Davis, as a layman, made a short closing address, referring to the long and influential service of Dr. Stebbins, the earlier ministry of Starr King, and the deep interest the congregation should take in the spiritual leadership of the young man who had just been ordained and installed as associate minister. Mr. Eliot has been called with great unanimity to his new work. Under the joint leadership of its two able ministers we may expect the old historic First Church to go forward to a career of even greater usefulness and influence than in the past.

Shelbyville, Ill.— The fourth annual "Chautauqua," arranged for by Rev. J. L. Douthit at Lithia Springs, closed on August 25, after a session the most successful in its history. There were lectures, addresses, and sermons in great number, with devotional meetings, conferences, recitations, music, and social good times interspersed in abundance. The subjects considered were religion, temperance, patriotism, education, kindness to animals, and moral and social reforms of various kinds. For speakers Mr. Douthit utilized much of the best talent of this section of the country, and brought a number of distinguished lecturers from a distance.

Toledo, Ohio.—Rev. A. G. Jennings preached during September upon "Our Present Industrial Problems," "A Way out of Present Difficulties," "How can Jesus be Most Helpful to our Age," "and "Hypnotism." Mrs. Jennings is beginning her Emerson and Browning class work for the year on a more extended scale than ever. The interest she has kindled in the city in this work is quite remarkable.

Worcester, Mass.—An interesting feature of the Sunday-school work of the Second Parish Church (Rev. A. S. Garver, minister), which proved very profitable last year, is to be carried on through the coming season. It consists in illustrating each Sunday-school lesson by photographs taken by a club of amateur photographers in the society, who print off enough copies to supply every scholar with one for each lesson. Each scholar has a book in which these are pasted, forming a very interesting and permanent record of the Sunday-school work.

THE BATTLE ROYAL.

A Dean and Prebendary had once a new vagary,
And were at doubtful strife, Sir, who led the better life, Sir,
And was the better man.
The Dean, he said that truly, since Buff was so unruly,
He'd prove it to his face, Sir, that he had the most grace, Sir,
And thus the fight began.
When Preb. replied, like thunder, and roared out, 'twas no wonder,
Since Gods, the Dean had three, Sir, and more by two than he, Sir,
For he had got but one.
Now, while these two were raging, and in dispute engaging,
The Master of the Charter said both had "caught a Tartar,"
For Gods, Sir, there were none,—
That all the books of Moses were nothing but supposes;
That he deserved rebuke, Sir, who wrote the Pentateuch, Sir,—
'Twas nothing but a sham;
That as for Father Adam, and Mrs. Eve, his madam,
And what the serpent spoke, Sir, 'twas nothing but a joke, Sir,
And well-invented flam.
Thus, in the Battle Royal, as none could take denial,
The dame for which they strove, Sir, could neither of them love, Sir,
Since all had given offence.
She, therefore, slyly waiting, left all three fools a-prating;
And being in a fright, Sir, Religion took her flight, Sir,
And ne'er was heard of since.

As love is the life of faith, so, with the increase of love, faith increases. Even from man toward man faith and love grow together The more we love, the more we understand and trust each other.—*Dr. Pusey.*

Jesus did not invent self-sacrifice. He discovered it,—discovered that self-sacrifice is the great central law of the universe, that this is the heart of God. He obeyed it, loved it, lived it, and gave himself for it.—*S. A. Calthrop.*

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Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things;

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